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TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1904

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The Days of Thirty-Seven—A Canadian Declaration of Independence—A Lengthy Document Proclaiming the Political Grievances under which the People of that Period Labored—A Little Known Document Resurrected by the Writer—Some of the Men who Headed the Rebellion of 1837-8, and Residing in Toronto, Chicago, April 13, 1904.

Editor Catholic Register:

During all my years in Canada I never saw any reference made to the proclamation of the Reformers of Upper Canada in the year 1837, and having a copy of it in my possession, I think the publication of it will throw light on past conditions and show the inhabitants of the country at the present time the grievances under which their predecessors labored and why many of them risked the loss of their lives and property in their endeavor to have them redressed. Although not any of the names of the five Corkinians appear among the signers they were not inactive in advancing the cause of reform. Robert Baldwin went to London to lay the condition of things then prevailing in the country before the Privy Council but he failed to make any impression on that august body.

Upper and Lower Canada had then their own parliaments and the union of the two provinces had not yet been consummated. William Lyon Mackenzie was then the foremost of the Reform leaders and was sustained by such influential men as Marshall S. Bidwell, the Speaker of the House, Dr. Ralph, Dr. Morrison and many other men of character and prominence.

They formulated a list of grievances and bill of rights as follows: The declaration of the Reformers of the City of Toronto to their fellow-Reformers in Upper Canada: The time has arrived, after nearly a half century's forbearance, under increasing and aggravated misrule, when the duty we owe our country and posterity requires from us the assertion of our rights and the redress of our wrongs.

Government is founded on the authority, and is instituted for the good of the people; when, therefore, any government long and systematically ceases to answer the great ends of its foundation, the people have a national right, given by the Creator, to seek after and establish such institutions as will yield the greatest quantity of happiness to the greatest number.

Our forbearance heretofore has only been rewarded with an aggravation of our grievances; and our past inattention to our rights has been ungenerously and unjustly urged as evidence of the surrender of them. We have now to choose, on the one hand, between submission to the same blighting policy as hath desolated Ireland; and on the other hand, the patriotic achievements of cheap, honest and responsible government.

The right was conceded to the present United States at the close of a successful revolution, to form a constitution for themselves; and the loyalists, with their descendants and others now peopling this portion of America, are entitled to the same liberty without the shedding of blood; more they do not ask; less they ought not to have. But, while the revolution of the former has been rewarded with a consecutive prosperity unexampled in the history of the world, the loyal valor of the latter alone remains amid the blight of misgovernment, to tell them what they might have been, as the not less valiant sons of American independence.

Sir Francis Head has so truly portrayed our country "as standing in the flourishing continent of North America like a girdled tree with the drooping branches"; but the laws of nature do not, and those of man ought not, longer to exhibit this invidious and humiliating comparison. The affairs of this country have been ever against the spirit of the Constitutional Act, subjected in the most injurious manner to the interferences and interdictions of a system

of colonial ministers in England, who have never visited the country, and can never possibly become acquainted with the state of parties or the conduct of public functionaries, except through official channels in the province, which are calculated to convey information necessary to disclose official delinquencies and correct public abuses. A painful experience has proved how impracticable it is for such a succession of strangers beneficially to direct and control the affairs of a people four thousand miles off; and being an impracticable system, felt to be intolerable by those for whose good it was professedly intended, it ought to be abolished and the domestic institutions of the province so improved and administered by the local authorities as to render the people happy and contented. The system of partial domination has been happily furthered by a Lieutenant-Governor sent among us as an unformed, unsophisticated stranger, who, like Sir Francis, has not a single feeling in common with the people, and whose hopes and responsibilities began and ended in Downing street. And this painful domination is further cherished by a Legislative Assembly, not elected by and therefore irresponsible to the people, for whom they legislate, but appointed by the ever-changing colonial minister, for life, from pensioners on the bounty of the crown; officially, dependents, and needy expectants.

Under this mockery of law and government we have been insulted, injured and reduced to the brink of ruin. The due influence and purity of our institutions have utterly been destroyed. Our governors have been the mere instruments for effecting domination from Downing street; legislative councillors have been initiated into executive compliance, as in the case of the late Chief Justice Powell, Mr. Baby and others; the executive council has been stripped of every shadow of responsibility and of every shade of duty; the freedom and purity of elections have been lately received under Sir Francis B. Head, a final and irremediable blow, our revenue has been and is still decreasing to such an extent as to render heavy additional taxation indispensable for the payment of the interest on our public debt, incurred by a system of improvement and profligate expenditure; our public lands, although a chief source of wealth to a new country, have been sold at a low valuation to speculating companies in London, and resold to settlers at very advanced prices, the excess being remitted to England to the serious impoverishment of the country; the ministers of religion have been corrupted by a prostitution of the casual and territorial revenue to salary and influence; our clergy reserves, instead of being devoted to the purposes of general education, though so much needed and loudly demanded, have been in part sold, to the amount of \$300,000, paid into the military chest, and sent to England; numerous retories have been established, against the almost unanimous wishes of the people, with certain exclusive ecclesiastical spiritual rights and privileges accorded to the established Church of England, to the destruction of equal religious rights; public salaries, pensions and sinecures have been augmented in number and amount, notwithstanding the improvement of our revenue and country, and the parliament has, under the name of arrears, paid the retrenchments made in past years by reform parliaments; our judges have, in spite of our condition, been doubled, and wholly selected from the most violent and political partisans, against our equal civil and religious liberties; and a Court of Chancery, suddenly adopted by a subservient parliament, against the long cherished expectation of the people against it, and its operations fearfully extended into the past, so as to jeopardise every title and transaction from the beginning of the province to the present time. A law has been passed enabling magistrates, appointed during pleasure, at the representation of a grand jury selected by the sheriff, holding office during pleasure, to tax the people at pleasure, without their previous knowledge or consent, upon all their rateable property, to build and support workhouses for the refuge of the paupers invited by Sir Francis from the parishes of Great Britain; thus unjustly and wickedly laying the foundation of a system which must result in taxation, pestilence and famine. Public loans have been authorized by improvident legislation to nearly eight millions of dollars, the surest way to make the people poor and dependent; the parliament subservient to Sir Francis B. Head's blighting administration, has, by an unconstitutional act, sanctioned by him, prolonged their duration after the demise of the crown, thereby evading their present responsibility to the people, depriving them of the exercise of their elective franchise on the present occasion, and extending the time to their unjust, unconstitutional, and ruinous legislation with Sir Francis B. Head; our best and most worthy citizens have been dismissed from the bench of justice, from the military and other stations of honor and usefulness, for exercising their rights as free men in attending public meetings for the regeneration of our condition, as instanced in the cases of Dr. Baldwin (father of Hon. Robert Baldwin), Messrs. Sheppard, Johnson, Small, Ridout and others; those of our fellow-subjects who go to England to report our deplorable condition are denied a hearing by a partial, unjust and oppressive government, while the authors and promoters of our wrongs are cordially and graciously received, and enlisted in the cause of our further wrongs and misgovernment. Our public revenues are plundered and misapplied without redress, and unavailable securities make up the late defalcation of Mr. P. Robinson, the Commissioner of Public Lands, to the amount of \$80,000. Interdicts are continually sent by the Colonial Minister to the Governor, and by the Governor to the provincial parliament, to restrain

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and render futile their legislation, which ought to be free and unshaded, these instructions, if favorable to the views and policy of the enemies of our country, are rigidly observed; if favorable to public liberty, they are, in case of Earl Ripon's dispatch, utterly contemned, even to the passage of the ever-to-be-remembered and detestable, everlasting, salary bill. Lord Glenelg has sanctioned in the King's name, all violations of truth and of the constitution by Sir F. B. Head, and both thanked and titled him for conduct which, under fair, free trial by jury, would be the ground for impeachment.

The British Government, by themselves, and through the Legislative Council of their appointment, have refused their assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good, among which we may enumerate the inalienable equal distribution bill; the bill to sell the clergy reserves for educational purposes; the bill to remove the corrupt influences of the executive in the choosing of juries, and to secure a fair trial by jury; the several bills to encourage emigration from foreign parts; the bill to secure the independence of the assembly; the bill to amend the law of libel; the bill to appoint commissioners to meet others appointed by the Lower Province to treat on matters of trade and other matters of deep interest; the bills to extend the blessings of education to the humbler classes in every township and to appropriate annually a sum of money for the purpose of the bill to dispose of the school lands in aid of education; several bills for the improvement of the highways; the bill to secure the independence of voters by establishing the vote by ballot; the bill for the better regulation of elections of members of the Assembly; and to provide that they be held at places convenient for the people; the bill for the relief of Quakers, Mennonists and Tunkers; the bill to amend the present obnoxious courts of request laws; by allowing the people to choose the commissioners, and to have a trial by jury, if required; and the bills to improve the administration of justice, and diminish unnecessary costs; the bill to amend the charter of King's College University, so as to remove its partial and arbitrary system of government and education; and the bill to allow free competition in banking.

The King of England has forbidden his government to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has interfered with the freedom of elections, and appointed elections to be held at places dangerous, inconvenient, and unsafe for the people to assemble at, for the purpose of fattening them into his measures, through the agency of pretended representatives; and has, through his Legislative Council, prevented provision being made for quiet and peaceable elections, as in the case of the late elections at Beverley. He has dissolved the late House of Assembly for opposing with manly firmness Sir F. B. Head's invasion of the rights of the people to a wholesome control over the revenue, and for insisting that the persons conducting the government should be responsible for their official conduct to the country, through its representatives.

He has endeavored to prevent the people of this province and its advancement in wealth; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the condition of new appropriations of the public lands, large tracts of which he has bestowed upon unworthy persons, his favorites, while deserving settlers from Germany and other countries have been used cruelly. He has rendered the administration of justice liable to suspicion and distrust by obstructing laws for establishing a fair trial by jury; by refusing to exclude the chief criminal judge from political business;

and by electing as a judiciary, violent and notorious partisans of his arbitrary power. He has sent a standing army into a sister province to coerce them in his unlawful and unconstitutional measures, in open violation of their rights and liberties; and has received with marks of approbation, military officers who interfered with citizens of Montreal, in the midst of an election of their representatives, and brought the troops to coerce them, who shot several persons dead wantonly in the public streets.

Considering the great number of lucrative employments held by strangers in the country, whose chief merit appears to be their subservience to any and every administration, we may say with our brother colonists of old, "he has sent hither swarms of new officers to harass the people and eat out their substance." The English Parliament has interfered with our internal affairs and regulations, by the passing of grievous and tyrannical enactments, for taxing us heavily, without our consent; for prohibiting us to purchase many articles of the first importance at the cheapest European and American markets, and compelling us to buy such goods and merchandise at an exorbitant price, in markets of which England has a monopoly.

They have passed resolutions for our coercion, of a character so cruel and arbitrary that Lord Chancellor Brougham has recorded on the journals of the House of Peers that "they set all considerations of a sound policy, of generosity, and of justice, at defiance," are wholly subservive of "the fundamental principles of the British constitution, that no part of the taxes levied on the people shall be applied to any purpose whatever without the consent of the representatives in parliament"; and that the Canadian "precedent of 1837 will ever after be cited in the support of such oppressive proceedings so often as the commons of any colony may withhold supplies, how justifiable soever their refusal may be"; and "adds his lordship" "those proceedings, so closely resembling the fatal measures that severed the United States from Great Britain, have their origin in principles, and derive their support from reasonings which form a profane contrast to the whole grounds; and the only defence of the policy during latter years, and so justly and so wisely sanctioned by the Imperial Parliament in advocating the affairs of the mother country. Nor is it easy to imagine that the inhabitants of either the American or the European branches of the empire should contemplate so strange a contrast without drawing inferences therefrom discreditable to the character of the legislature, and injurious to the future safety of the state, when they mark with what different measures we mete to six hundred thousand inhabitants of a remote province, unrepresented in parliament, and to six millions of our fellow-citizens near our home, and making themselves heard by their representatives. The reflection will surely rise in Canada and may possibly find its way into Ireland, that the sacred rules of justice, the most worthy feelings of national generosity, and the soundest principles of enlightened policy may be appealed to in vain, if the demands of the sutor be not also supported by personal interests, and party views, and political fears among those whose end he seeks; while all men perceiving that many persons have found themselves at liberty to hold a course toward an important, but remote, province, which their constituents never would suffer to be pursued towards the most unconsiderable borough of the United Kingdom, an impression will inevitably be propagated, most dangerous to the maintenance of colonial dominion, that the people can never safely intrust the powers of government to any supreme authority not residing among themselves.

In every stage of these proceedings we have petitioned for redress in most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend unwarrantable jurisdiction over us; we have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here; we have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity; and we have conjured them by the ties of a common kindred to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connection and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We therefore, the Reformers of the city of Toronto, sympathizing with our fellow-citizens here and throughout the North-American colonies, who desire to obtain cheap, honest, and responsible government, the want of which has been the source of all their present grievances; as its continuance would lead to their utter ruin and desolation, are of the opinion:

First, that the warmest thanks and adulation are due from the reformers of Upper Canada, to the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, Esq., Speaker of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, and to his compatriots in and out of the legislature, for their past uniform, manly, and noble independence in favor of civil and religious liberty; and for their present devoted, honorable and patriotic opposition to the attempt of the British Government to violate their constitution, without their consent, subvert the powers and privileges of their local parliament, and overawe them by coercive measures, into a disgraceful abandonment of their just and reasonable wishes.

Second, that the Reformers of Upper Canada are called upon by every tie of feeling, interest and duty to make common cause with their fellow-citizens of Lower Canada, whose successful coercion would, doubtless, in time be visited upon us, and the redress of whose grievances would be best guaranteed for the redress of our own.

To render this co-operation the more effectual, we earnestly recommend to our fellow-citizens that they exert themselves to organize political associations; that public meetings be held throughout the province, and that a convention of delegates be elected and assembled at Toronto, to take into consideration the political condition of Upper Canada, with authority to its members to appoint commissioners to meet others, to be named on behalf of Lower Canada, and other colonies, armed with suitable powers as a congress, to seek an effectual remedy for the grievances of the colonies.

CANNON-FITZPATRICK WEDDING

The Daughter of the Minister of Justice Married to Mr. Arthur Cannon of Quebec
Ottawa, April 20.—The wedding of Mr. Arthur Cannon, Quebec, and Miss Corrine Fitzpatrick, eldest daughter of the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, took place at St. Joseph's Church to-day at a quarter past eleven.

A large crowd collected in the church which was decorated with quantities of white flowers and palms for the occasion. Monseigneur Martineau offered the nuptial mass and performed the marriage ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a magnificent gown of white ivory fiber tulle with court train. Arranged at each seam on the skirt from waist to hem were chiffon ruffles to imitate rose leaves, edged with tiny iridescent beads to simulate dewdrops. The round corsage, trimmed with chiffon ruffles, yoke of cobweb embroidered medallions, a full and white flowing bertha of beautiful rose point lace, puff sleeves with undersides of the same exquisite lace, finished with a broad satin ceinture and surmounted by a full veil completed the costume. The veil was fastened with orange blossom and a diamond brooch, the gift of the groom. She carried a shower bouquet of white bridal roses and lilies of the valley, tied with a large white satin bow and long streamers.

There were five bridesmaids in attendance, the Misses Alice, Mary and Margaret Fitzpatrick, sisters of the bride, Miss Cannon and Miss Aggie Davis. The brides of pretty girls made a lovely picture as they followed the bride to the altar. They wore soft white silk collene over white tulle, with three large tucks, hand embroidered lace insertions on the corsage, with touches of pale blue, full elbow sleeves and high belts of dresden silk, very becoming hats of Tuscan straw trimmed with pale blue satin ribbons, pink and blue sweet peas and forget-me-nots, and carrying shower bouquets of pink and blue flowers. The bridegroom presented the bridesmaids with pearl brooch pendants and gold chains. The ushers were Mr. Jodoin, Mr. S. J. McDougall, Mr. Fred White, Mr. D'Arcy McGee and Mr. Arthur Fitzgerald, to whom the bride presented pearl and gold stick pins.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick wore a very handsome Russian lace over purple satin, trimmed with purple and yellow chiffon. A dainty corsage accompanied this gown, the yoke of chiffon lattice work being fastened with pearls and finished with a high bengaline belt. She carried a bouquet of violets and wore a black flower hat with cream osprey.

Mrs. Cannon wore black satin over white trimmed with rich white lace. A reception was held at the home of the bride to which about 200 were invited. The presents were many and valuable, testifying to the popularity of the bride.

Doel was a Toronto business man. Mr. Reynolds I do not recollect, nor James Armstrong, nor John Armstrong, but there was a foundry man named Armstrong in Toronto in those days, a man of extensive business. William Kitchen I never heard of. Mr. Mackenzie's is the last name on the list, although, I believe, he was the writer of this Canadian declaration of independence. I do not know why the name of Dr. Ralph is not attached for he was one of the most prominent men in the movement. James Leslie is another name that one would expect to be attached, for he was very close to Mr. MacKenzie. He was a druggist by business and came from the same place in Scotland as Mr. MacKenzie. He was publisher and proprietor of the "Examiner" newspaper founded by Sir Francis Hincks, when the latter went into the government.

The revolt was to have been begun on Thursday, Dec. 7, 1837, but Dr. Rolph, who was prominent as a leader, changed the date for Col. Lount to muster his men two days earlier at Montgomery's, and this made a misunderstanding that was fatal.

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The Music of Worship or the Worship of Music

(By Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton.)

The above dilemma fairly sums up that perennial source of controversy; and puts the whole matter into the proverbial nutshell. Which is to be paramount? Worship of music or the music of worship? Is music to be the handmaid or the mistress? Let us get things into the right focus; then we may hope to obtain that sense of proportion which is forgotten when men are guided rather by personal likes or dislikes than by other more reasonable principles. We must really get down to some elementary ideas and make sure of our foundation. There is no use in building upon the sand. I want to inquire what are the foundations of worship, what it includes and what it excludes; for I think some of us have somewhat gone off the track. To make regulations about Church music without touching the cause of all the difficulty seems to me like trying to cure symptoms while leaving the disease untouched. Now the disease, I think, we are suffering from is the neglect of the spirit of worship. Certain modern exhibitions of sentimental piety, or rather of pious sentimentalism, have, to a large extent, changed the direction of the spiritual pole. Prayers are now mainly concerned about our own miserable selves; and we weary ourselves with others and with petitions for this or that or the other, always asking and, like Martha, solicitous about many things. Don't let me be misunderstood. The prayer of petition has its place, even prayers for our own petty needs. But this is not all prayer as a modern tendency would suppose. It is only a very small form of it. What about adoration and praise? What about lifting our faculties in adoring Him and praising Him, and, in adoration, deep and tremulous with awe, prostrating ourselves before the Throne of His glory, content to gaze at the vision and to burn with love? Does this sort of prayer enter into the minds of most people? And yet it is the prayer that is utterly unselfish and the prayer that gives its value to petition. It is the prayer of the Church. It is to be found supremely in the Mass wherein our Eucharistic Lord adores, thanks, expiates and glorifies the Father for the human race. Listen to the wide sense of worship in the Gloria in Excelsis. "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we adore Thee, we glorify Thee, we give Thee thanks for Thy great glory"; or that glorious song heard by the princely prophet when he saw the Lord upon His throne high and lifted up and His train filled the temple; and one seraphim cried unto another saying "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory. We take on the Sunday Vesper psalms. "The Lord is high above all nations and His glory above the Heavens. Who is like unto the Lord Our God who dwelleth on high?" Do you catch my meaning? Do you realize the larger aspect of a worship which lifts us out of ourselves and widens our hearts with the presence of God so that we run and no longer painfully creep along the way of the Commandments? This is eminently the spirit of the Liturgical prayer; and those who neglect the Church's prayer and retreat into themselves and look upon their wants and the wants of others as the one thing necessary are sure to be the losers in the long run. Selfishness never pays. God deals so royally with us; and we have so little of the "princely spirit" in our dealings with Him. We are always beggars, and forget that we have a royal priest-hood. The prayer in the Gloria is not "We thank Thee for giving us so and so"; but "We thank Thee for Thy great glory." God is the true object in prayer, not ourselves. He is to be sought, for this is justice; and once He is obtained, "all things else shall be added to us." Once more, the "Pater Noster" teaches us the order of prayer. First His Kingdom, then His glory, and the accomplishment of His Will; then our wants, and forgiveness and freedom from danger. I have dwelt somewhat at length on this point, for it is unrealized by Catholics at large. The true idea of worship seems to be missed; even the supreme act of worship, the Mass, is not brought home to the conviction as it should. For instance, what idea of worship and of the proper way of assisting at Mass does a child get who goes, say at 10 o'clock, to what is called the Children's Mass, and starts the service singing, "O Mother I," goes on with "Hail, Queen of Heaven," then at "Dear Angel ever at my side," and winds up with "Faith of Our Fathers," or "All Hail to St. Patrick"? I do not say anything about these hymns more than that they do not appear to be appropriate while the Divine Victim of Calvary is being offered to the Eternal Majesty, and the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world, lies in mystic death upon the altar. What idea of worship does the child get, and brought home to his soul by such music or such hymns? Do they teach the child to pray, to enter into the intention of the Divine Victim? Now, I will take another case; the child grows up; and preserves enough of the practice of Catholic life to go to Mass on Sundays. He has never been taught to pray. He hears and likes the music (if he does not find its length with a long sermon added, wearisome), and enjoys it as music. The tenor has a glorious voice, and his mezzo singing is delicious; the boy's voice is clear and silvery and true; the bass is round and full, sonorous and grand. As to the alto, when he is good well, he is passable; but when bad, that's hardly the word for him. Poor alto! The composition is fine. That introduction to the "Kyrie" is solemn and the fugue movement is well worked out; how elegantly the "Christie" is elaborated. What a burst of triumph in the "Gloria"; and for pure melody, can the "Gloria Agnus" be surpassed? The "Credo" is bustling, the "Et Incarnatus" sweet and ingenious with its interwoven melody for the alto. The "Sanctus" is majestic, while the "Benedictus" is simply delightful if rather reminiscent in parts of tambourine effects. The grave "Agnus Dei" prepares us for the brilliant passages of the "Domine" which alternates with drums and trumpets and vocal passages, with cadenzas of marvellous beauty. I wonder how many of my readers will recognize

the Mass which I am here describing? At any rate, our friend has thoroughly enjoyed the Mass; for the church he attends does its music well. He has shuddered over the same composition when it has been executed or mangled by incompetent and ambitious singers. Now, I want to know, where has been the worship of a creature to his Maker in all this music? Has it lifted his soul to the Throne of God, has it united him more closely to the Saving Victim, has it stirred his being to any real thankfulness that God is God and that we are His people? Mind I am speaking of the average man. I do not deny there may be some who, understanding the words as well as the music, come under an influence not altogether unsatisfactory; though I might be inclined to doubt whether emotionalism did not play too great a part. But the generality of people I do not think are so affected. Speaking of my own experience, which at one time was varied and wide, I have often heard persons expressing their delight in the Sunday Mass, and saying how much they enjoyed the Mass; but I never recollect hearing them say that they felt the Divine Presence closer, or that they were lifted to greater personal union with God or realized His Infinite Majesty more clearly. If this be the case (I am only giving my experience, others may perhaps differ from me), I contend that we have gone off the line. Instead of aiming at the music of worship we have put the cart before the horse and have devoted ourselves to the worship of music. This is but the natural result of a loss of the true notion of prayer and the neglect of the Liturgy. The Church sets God before us as the object of prayer; modern degeneracy in pietism puts self first. The Church uses music to help us in our worship; modern pietism worships that which pleases self and demands music that shall please us and make the time of Mass become something less of a compulsory task. This, I think, is the real difficulty. Let us get the real sense of worship; and then the proper kind of music will follow of its own accord. Now I am going to make a little confession. I love and admire Mozart and Haydn, the grandeur of Cherubini and Beethoven appeal to me, and the beauty of Gounod is delightful. I know "the Masses" off by heart. I have sung in them, I have taught them, and conducted them times out of number. They are my earliest recollections, and are bound up with some of my most cherished memories. I have written about them and defended their use. I delight in them now and can hear them with pleasure as ever fresh and charming. There is, however, only one time I do not care to hear them, and that is during the Mass. I have come to the conviction that an orchestra and Calvary are ideas that do not go well together, and that Mozart and Haydn, with the rest of the tuneful choir, are no real help to worship, but a distraction from the higher things. I am led away by the material beauty of the composition, which absorbs me; in fact I am concerned with the worship of the music and not that of God. Am I singular in this? It is that I, with a handful of musicians, are the unfortunate ones, and that Mozart is a great spiritual force who draws the rest of the congregation towards God. Is he a great preacher of righteousness, and convinces the world of sin, of justice, and of judgment? Or is he simply the charming artist, most gifted of melodists, who sets the Mass to music in what was the fashion at a period when religion was at a very low ebb? Having delivered my mind about the masses, I now must come down to the "classes" or to a lower what is called the classical school, i.e., the purely vocal school, of which we may take Palestrina as the supreme example. Taking my principle that the true Church music must be the music of worship, I want to see whether this classical school answers to it. If music is to help the worshipper, it must in some way appeal to him, it must in some way act upon his soul and lift it up towards God. Now, in this purely vocal school, there is at the most a melody, or rather I should say an interweaving of melodic phrases managed with consummate art. The effect is undefinable, intangible, ethereal. One voice follows another and a hint is caught up, developed, lengthened, or shortened, turned up side down, inside out, with all the mechanical devices of the contrapuntal art. A musician skilled in such art is ravished at the effect and is delighted with the life and movement of the composition. But here to the musician is not this kind of music exposed to the same danger as the other? Does it not tend equally to be the worship of music? Then, I ask, does it, moreover, mean anything at all to the ordinary hearer? Does he really appreciate it and find it a help in devotion? Or does he follow the current fashion and pretend to admire what is entirely beyond his comprehension? One good thing about the purely vocal school, I am speaking solely from the point of view of worship, is that it does not savor of the world. It is quite unlike secular music of the present day; and so far it is fitted for Church purposes. But does it influence the worshipper? If it does not appeal to the soul I do not see its use. To the artist it will be an intellectual delight; but then the world is not made up of artists but of poor creatures whose musical sense can be only adequately influenced by the mysterious effects of melody easily felt and recognized. No; as the school of Mozart and Haydn are for the nonworshipper, so the Palestrina school is for the artistic musician who can appreciate it. We want something else for the worshipper of all ages and all ranks. This I can only find in the Plain Song. Here we have, in the purer parts, simple melody, of unworldly form, rhythm, and quality; that leaves the words standing out in prominence, and hearing their own force with just that help which music gives. The words are not lost in the sound, but the sound is well nigh forgotten in the words. It is not the beautiful melody that matters; it is the meaning of the words that sets before us when the worshippers sing the pure Plain Song. Eminently congregational, it sorts well with the act of worship offered by and in the name of all the holy people of God. This is the only true music of worship; the only strain that does not jar on the soul when assisting at Mass. To sing it is to pray; for it is only a simple mu-

sical recitation of the Liturgical text. What I have said about the Plain Song I have limited by certain expressions, for I cannot say it of all that is called Gregorian. I am not going to enter into any controversy on the subject of the Solesmes Chant. We owe much to the labors of the monks of Solesmes, and I should be the last to under-rate their services. The danger, however, is on the other side. I mean that enthusiasts are always liable to over-rate and to stretch conclusions beyond what the premises warrant. Pius X. has not committed himself to the Solesmes Chant, and does not even mention it by name in the late document. I think it is the purest form we have at present of the Plain Song as sung in certain parts after a critical period of change and revision, which influence every side of life, and was then subjected to an inevitable reaction; but that it at all represents, save substantially, in certain parts, the Plain Song as reformed by St. Gregory and brought into England by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, I do not believe. The Pope desires the Music of Worship to be congregational. An elaborate chant, such as we have in the Solesmes Chant, will defeat his intention. If the chant be simple and almost syllabic then there will be a hope of realizing his wishes. To have a whole congregation singing as an act of prayer the Ordinary of the Mass will be a Music of Worship that will be far finer than any other performance to the Worship of Music. To bring this about we need to have the true nature of worship brought home to our hearts. We pray to understand God's idea of prayer that resounds in Heaven and in the Holy Church throughout the world. I do not know whether our present system has made us better Catholics, more spiritual and less worldly; or whether it has not had its influence on what some are bewailing as our losses. I wonder whether our forefathers in the days of the penal laws, when they got the Sacrifice, with as little of the outward beauty of holiness as possible, appreciate Mass more than their descendants to-day who assist at an orchestral Mass performed by a first-rate choir, or a Palestrina Mass vocalized by Catholic boys and Protestant men? To conclude, I must take notice of a common objection - that we must give to God's service the best we have. Of course so. But is not the "best" a relative term after all? What is best in one respect is not always the best in another. Music that is exquisite and appropriate for instance, as dance music and fit for a royal ball, would be out of place at a funeral service. And yet in its own place it may be reckoned among the best. So with sacred music; or rather with music for worship. That is best which answers more perfectly to the end for which music is used in worship, viz., to help us to pray. As I contend that Mozart or Palestrina fail in this respect, so I hold that as far as music for worship is concerned, their compositions are not the best, and therefore should not be used in church. On the other hand, as the Plain Song in itself is admirably adapted, when it is understood, to increase the sense of worship, I hold that it is the best which is claimed as required for the service of God. So I answer the objection. There are many tempting bye-ways of thought suggested by the Pope's late instructive but I have reached the utmost end of my tether. My purpose in this article has been to set out some principles that should rule our views on the subject of Church music and bring them into harmony with the desires of our Holy Father. Are We Pagans Yet, or Christian? Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Look conditions in the face; Mars, the god whom still we worship? Mammon in our Ruler's place? After all our boasted progress, have we reached the nobler race? Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Do we use as shibboleth the purely vocal school, or of Him of Nazareth? Do we preach love's law of mercy or the leaden law of death? Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Answer by the higher light; Let the test be by the standards of unchanging truth and right. Do we worship toward the morning, or the past's war-clouded night? Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Do we reach and overreach? Do we worship and slay our brothers 'neath the mask of godly speech? Sow we seeds of love or hatred? Do we practise what we preach? Are we pagans yet, or Christians? Tell the truth what'er betide. By our lust, our greed, our conquest, is our Saviour still denied? By the murder of His brethren is our Lord yet crucified? -The Denver News. King Will Pass by Trinity The official programme of the approaching visit of the King to Ireland is marked by one notable "new departure." On every other occasion of a Royal visit to Ireland, and on every occasion on which the King has ever been in Dublin, a visit to Trinity College was a leading incident. Trinity College will not on the approaching Royal visit be similarly favored. When it is remembered that the King in July, last, in reply to an address from the authorities of Trinity College, expressed the hope that the College would adapt itself to the requirements of the age, and made special allusion to Swift, Berkeley, Goldsmith, Burke and Grattan, its distinguished sons, who were all identified with the advancement of popular rights and liberties, and the extension of the blessings of a liberal education to their Catholic fellow-countrymen, the reception of the King by Dr. Traill, whom the King, by improper advice of the Prime Minister, has appointed to the Provisory charge of the arrangement of the Royal Itinerary as rather too glaring even for the meridian of Ireland under Castle rule. Where is he to whom nothing is wanting? All is wanting to him who believes nothing is wanting. We must not be even a little evil in order to do even a great possible good.

Pope Pius Through His Sisters' Eyes

(Written for The Register.)

"There is an interesting article in a recent number of The Ladies' Home Journal entitled, 'The Pope Through His Sisters' Eyes.' Mr. Vance Thompson, the author, is an American journalist who has resided for some years in Paris, and has apparently, a well-developed sympathy for all that is Catholic. A few years ago he wrote an article on 'The Holy Shroud' of Turin. He has also written articles on 'The Pilgrim Train of Lourdes' and 'The Future of the Catholic Church in France,' so that he is fairly well qualified to write on Catholic subjects where the interest is chiefly human. He first had a special audience with His Holiness, when, no doubt, persistence was given to the enquiries that were to be made. Then he visited Salzano, Mantua, Riese, and Venice, where he saw the Pope's sisters and brother. The sisters are humble old women - three of them married to baker, pork-butcher, and tavern-keeper; and three, dim women of the cloister. What of the Pope so they know? Theresa, the eldest of the six sisters, remembers most. She has always kept to the home town Riese, where he was born, where his mother lies buried, where the little peasant cottage that roofed them all still stands. She is now seven years old - was taken away from the parochial school to far-away members when Giuseppe - when only Castelfranco. That was a long journey of fourteen miles, and she remembers how they all kissed the little boy good-by and watched him go down the dusty road with the priest, who held his hand. "The word as to the sisters: The eldest Theresa is married to a good man, Parolin, who keeps the only inn, joined to a kind of country store, in Riese. No one on earth knows the Pope better, for the brave old mother died in 1894. 'But though she has her mother's knowledge of him she is a vague and timid old woman, not much used to thinking, dazed with what has come upon him, and yet now and then some bright recollection flares up in her. She it was who showed me the yellow paper on which Giuseppe had written out for home eyes the Latin praise bestowed upon him when at fifteen he was proclaimed 'primo' at the seminary in Padua. We read how Giuseppe Sarto of Riese was: in religion eminently distinguished; in philosophy distinguished as a good thinker and for his earnest search for knowledge and the wisdom of his investigations; in the Italian tongue eminent for his facility and correctness of style and acquaintance with classical authors; in the Latin language eminent for the depth of his interpretations and translations and the neatness of his style; in the Greek tongue, distinguished for the soundness of his grammatical knowledge, and so on through history, mathematics and the sciences. Theresa wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. Finally she spoke in a faint, clear, old voice: 'I remember that very well. When he came home from Padua because he had the diligence was gone. I remember he had money and we were very happy. First, though, mother made us all stay back in the garden and she stood in the street and met him alone. He gave her the money and we had a supper that night. Mother got the meat from old Parolin then. We were so poor and Parolin had the store and the inn. At supper mother told us Giuseppe - she paused, crossed herself, looked up, then went on: 'Mother told us all about it, but I am a priest. I remember that I always thought so, because he knew Latin. Mother never had to send any more money and it was better for all of us. He was very kind to me. He was a good brother.' Again it is Theresa speaking: 'We heard him say his first mass in the church - if mother were alive she could tell you. She sobbed all the time. They looked just alike then, but his hair was lighter. They were alone together almost all the time until he went away. Oh, if she had lived - but it is all the same to her. I forgot. She was as beautiful as the saints. Ask Parolin, he saw her die - at least the same day. We were all happy. He has made us all happy ever since that day. All of us. And now - she drew the black shawl across her face and her thin hands touched her beads.' "It would be interesting to know more of that mother to whom the Pope read aloud in the evening and to whom he told of the things as he had seen it; but it is probable she was just like the ordinary mother, proud of her clever son, and like the average Catholic mother, prouder still that he was to be a priest. There are anecdotes of his life as a priest and bishop. How he fought the cholera in his parish in 1871; he nursed the sick, prepared the dying and buried the dead. His sister, in-toietta tells of the following incident - she is speaking of his daily reception of the poor when Bishop of Salzano: 'Once a poor man dared not approach him and hung back - a very poor man who was weeping. This povero uomo wanted something to make a broth for his sick wife. The Bishop had given everything away - even the fowl for his own dinner. He was greatly troubled. At last a thought came to him and he smiled - oh I know now he would have been living in a little apartment near by which he provided for her - he always provided for her.' 'Yes' said Louisa. 'So he told the poor man to wait and he ran across to Louisa's rooms. She was out, but on the fire was a pot with a good piece of beef and good broth simmering for her dinner. He took it up and carried it down and all through the street - the Bishop - and gave it to the poor man. And he laughed - how he laughed that sweet kind laugh of his when he told us how Luisa lost her dinner.' According to scientific methods of dispensing charity this was all very wrong, but the merely human will condone the fault and admire the gentle kindly nature which prompted the deed. There are lessons to be gained through these anecdotes and others we have read depicting the humble life of Pius X. - a life which he shared with them as a boy. They teach us anew that the Catholic Church is the church of all classes, and that the popes, the first of whom was a poor

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FIFTH MONTH		THE BLESSED VIRGIN	
31 DAYS		May	
DAY OF MONTH	DAY OF WEEK	COLOR OF VESTMENTS	1904
1	Su.	r.	Fourth Sunday after Easter
2	M.	w.	SS. Philip and James Ap. Vesper Hymn, "Tristes erant S. Athanasius, [Apostoli.]"
3	T.	w.	Feast of the Holy Cross.
4	W.	w.	S. Monica.
5	T.	w.	S. Pius V. Pope.
6	F.	r.	S. John before the Latin Gate.
7	S.	w.	S. Benedict II. Pope.
8	Su.	w.	Fifth Sunday after Easter
9	M.	w.	Apparition of St. Michael.
10	T.	w.	Rogation Day. S. Gregory Nazianzen.
11	W.	w.	Rogation Day. S. Antoninus.
12	T.	w.	Rogation Day. S. Alexander, Pope.
13	F.	r.	ASCENSION OF OUR LORD. Holy Day of Obligation.
14	S.	w.	S. Stanislas.
15	Su.	w.	Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension
16	M.	w.	S. John Baptist de la Salle. Vesper Hymn, "Iste Con- [fessor.]"
17	T.	r.	S. John Nepomucene.
18	W.	r.	S. Venantius.
19	T.	w.	Octave of the Ascension.
20	F.	w.	S. Bernadine of Siena.
21	S.	r.	Fast and Abstinence. Vigil of Pentecost.
22	Su.	r.	Pentecost Sunday
23	M.	r.	Vesper Hymn, "Veni Creator Spiritus."
24	T.	r.	Of the Octave.
25	W.	r.	Of the Octave.
26	T.	r.	Of the Octave.
27	F.	r.	Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave.
28	S.	r.	Ember Day. Fast. Of the Octave.
29	Su.	w.	Trinity Sunday
30	M.	r.	Vesper Hymn, "Jani sol accedit igneus."
31	T.	w.	S. Felix I. Pope.
			S. Angela Mericia.

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APOSTOLIC UNION OF CATHOLIC PRIESTS

PIUS POPE X

In Perpetual Memory of This Matter

Like our predecessors, we are very desirous of promoting by our fatherly solicitude and by the exercise of our Apostolic Authority the welfare, edification and spiritual advantage of the Catholic clergy, as it is our earnest wish that all called to the Lord's portion should be rich in the constant practice of Christian virtues, shining as an example to the people like lights set upon a candlestick. It therefore has been a great consolation to us to learn that the pious association known as the Apostolic Union of secular priests, established in France in the year 1862, has now, with the approval of the Bishops, spread over a great many dioceses of the Christian world. At present it is flourishing in France, Belgium, England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, the United States, the Dominion of Canada, South America, Australia and even in some parts of Asia, everywhere yielding rich fruits of piety and sanctity in the Vineyard of the Lord. We ourselves were formerly a member of the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests, and so appreciate we were of its usefulness and of its excellence that we decided to establish a branch of it after our elevation to the Episcopate. By proposing a uniform method of life to all its members, by its monthly meetings, by its spiritual conversations, by sending reports of its doings to the Bishops, and by its other suitable offices of charity, it serves to maintain and consolidate the union of the clergy and binds the scattered Levites together in ties of spiritual brotherly love. Hence a wonderful harmony and mutual edification among the members, who observe more perfectly the spirit of their vocation. They no longer are exposed to the dangers associated with solitude, their forces are united, and each priest is led to take a personal interest in the efficiency and spiritual perfection of his brother priests. The result is that a priest, though he may be prevented by the various cares of his ministry from sharing in the ordinary life of other priests, does not feel like one who is deserted by his spiritual family, or like one deprived of the help and advice of his brethren. For these reasons our predecessor, Pope Leo XIII., of venerable memory, influenced by the approbation and recommendations of the Bishops, published an Apostolic Letter on May 11, 1880, in which he approved this association, which has been productive of so much good, and bestowed on it the highest praise. Later on, in the year 1887, he assigned to it as its protector Lucido Maria Parocchi, Cardinal Bishop of the Holy Roman Church, of illustrious memory.

Considering how useful and salutary for the Church, especially at a time like the present, is an association of this kind, and knowing well that the priests who belong to the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests are the best of priests, we do willingly and gladly accede to the petition addressed to us by the beloved son, Victor Lebourier, Honorary Canon of Orleans, and our Domestic Prelate, the worthy founder of this Apostolic Union, and for the last forty-two years its Moderator General. To this end we do make the following provisions for the advantage and increase of the said association.

That all may know our mind with regard to this Union, we do, as a special proof of our paternal love for it, assume and reserve to ourselves the protectorate of this institution. Moreover, in order that the priests who are members of the Apostolic Union may be strengthened by an opportune supply of spiritual graces, and in order that these same indulgences may move others to enroll their names in this most salutary association as a means of providing more efficaciously for their own spiritual welfare and for their sacred interests, we, relying on the mercy of Almighty God, do, by the authority of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul and by our own au-

thority, grant mercifully in the Lord in perpetuity, by virtue of these presents, plenary indulgence and remission of their sins to priests, all and several living in any part of the world who at present belong to this Apostolic Union, and have duly subscribed to the formula of profession, and to all who shall in the future join it and make such profession, who while retaining their membership in it shall on each and any of the Feasts of Christmas, the Circumcision, the Epiphany, Easter, the Ascension, Corpus Christi, as well as on the feasts of the Conception, Nativity, Annunciation, Purification and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary Immaculate, and on any feast of the twelve Holy Apostles, after having expiated their sins by confession and said Mass or approached the Holy Table, visit any church or public chapel, and there pray on each and every feast for the concord of Christian princes, the extirpation of heresy, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of Holy Mother Church. Moreover we do grant in the customary form of the Church an indulgence of one hundred days to all present, and every time they send, as prescribed by the Constitution of the Apostolic Union, the monthly record of their life to their respective diocesan superiors, and with a contrite heart recite once according to the intention of the Roman Pontiff the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation and the Doxology, or with a contrite heart take part in the monthly retreat made in common. We likewise grant that this partial indulgence may be gained also by priests who, though not enrolled in the Apostolic Union, yet make the monthly retreat with their brother priests. Finally, we permit these indulgences, both partial and plenary, to be applied in expiation of the stains and penalties of those who have passed from this life. We also grant faculties to all present and future members to celebrate Mass one hour before dawn when there is grave reason for so doing; and we do moreover allow them the Apostolic privilege that whenever any of said members duly celebrate Mass at any altar in any church for the soul of anyone of the faithful of Christ who has departed this life united in charity with God, such Mass shall benefit the soul for which it has been offered up in the same way as if it had been celebrated at a privileged altar, this privilege being available three times in any one week. Again we do by these presents grant to all present and future members of the Apostolic Union in all parts of the world, faculties after they have obtained the consent of the Ordinary of the place in which the faculty is exercised, to bless, publicly during missions and retreats and privately at any other times, crosses, crucifixes, medals, beads, small statues in metal of our Lord Jesus Christ, of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary, and of all the saints, with the application of the indulgences, all and several, contained in the list published by the press of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, on the 28th day of August, in the year 1903. In the case of beads the indulgences known as those of St. Birgitta are not excepted. Moreover we grant faculties, servatis servandis, to all said members, provided they be approved for preaching, for blessing on the last day of their courses of sermons during Lent, Advent, Missions and Spiritual exercises, all and several, with a single sign of the Cross made with the Crucifix, and for granting a plenary indulgence. The faithful of both sexes who have heard at least half the sermons preached during the course, and who, after confessing their sins with true penitence, and who, after receiving Holy Communion, shall on the same day devoutly visit the church or chapel in which the sermons have been preached, praying for the exaltation of Holy Mother Church, the union of Christian Princes, the conversion of sinners and the extirpation of heresy may gain a plenary indulgence and remission of all their sins.

All this notwithstanding our own rule and that of the Apostolic Chancellor not to grant indulgences ad instar, and all other Apostolic Constitutions and Ordinances to the contrary. It is our will, too, that all copies, even printed ones, of these letters, when subscribed by any pub-

THE UNIVERSITY HAS K. OF C. CHECK

Presentation of Fund to Endow Chair of Secular American History

Washington, April 13.—The \$50,000 fund raised by the Knights of Columbus for the endowment of a chair of secular American history in the Catholic University was formally presented to the University this afternoon in the presence of the faculty and a large gathering of prominent ecclesiastics and knights from neighboring states.

When Archbishop Ryan rose to open the ceremonies with prayer, fully 3,000 persons were gathered on the broad lawn in front of McMahon hall, where a grandstand had been erected. The mammoth check, which was described in The Catholic Standard and Times of last week, had been placed in an immense frame, decorated with yellow and white bunting, the colors of the University, occupied a prominent place to the left of the speakers' stand. The wide stone front of the hall was gay with American flags and yellow and white bunting, and the stand a short distance away occupied by the Marine Band was hidden beneath drapery of the same colors.

THE PRESENTATION ADDRESS.

In presenting the check, Edward L. Hearn, supreme knight of the order, made an elaborate address, saying in part:

We are here to present to the Catholic University of America, in the name of the Knights of Columbus, the sum of \$50,000, with which to establish in the University a chair of American history. The reasons why such an institution should exist are direct, imperious and valid, and they are, I believe, well set forth in the trenchant words of His Lordship, the Right Rev. Bishop of Sioux City, Bishop Garrigan, in his first address to the Knights of Columbus, in March, 1899. In that eloquent address, which will never pass from the memory of those fortunate enough to hear it, His Lordship said: "We ask you to join hands with us in correcting the many errors which have been spread abroad for the last hundred years, here and elsewhere, about our Church, about our faith and about our people; to clear away the clouds that have been hanging over us for the last century, and bring the truth to the light of day, so that all men may place us where we belong."

THE CARDINAL'S SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE.

In his speech of acceptance Cardinal Gibbons said:

I beg to assure you in my own name and in the name of my colleagues of the extremely deep sense of gratitude with which this gift is received. You have presented to the Catholic University of America the magnificent sum of \$50,000 for endowing a chair in American history. You may rest assured that this amount will be safely invested and devoted to the exact purpose intended.

An able professor will be selected to preserve and teach the truth of American history. To him it will be a glorious and congenial pursuit, and will present the truth to the world and show to all the leading part the Catholic Church has taken in upbuilding this country, developing its resources and spreading civilization and Christianity among its inhabitants. It is a sacred duty to repel false charges brought against our religion and to vindicate the charges against our Church before the tribunal of the American people.

The present year has proved to be one of the most prosperous and auspicious years that have yet dawned on the Catholic University of America. We are cheered by the contemplation of a united episcopate in the United States, marching hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder in the desire to advance the interests of this great institute and cheered by the generous Catholic laity of the United States, who in individual contributions from Alaska to the Rio Grande and from the Atlantic to the Pacific nobly responded to the appeals of their Bishops.

During the last few days, in addition to this magnificent sum presented by the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic laity have collected and presented to the Catholic University more than \$100,000. And we are also cheered by the generosity of the laity in organized contributions, such as were presented a few years ago by the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America, and as presented here to-day by the Knights of Columbus.

Gentlemen, you have done more than present \$50,000. You have signified your interest in a great institution by your presence before me in such vast numbers. We are cheered by the action of Pope Pius X., who recently sent to the Catholic University a letter of sympathy, and who in this respect has followed in the footsteps of his predecessor, Pope Leo XIII.

Gentlemen, the Knights of Columbus, you do not bear royal titles nor royal purses, but you have shown by your actions that you have loyal Catholic hearts. What may we not hope to see? With the Pope and the Bishops and the laity united, we know no such word as failure, and therefore this University must succeed, and, with God's blessing, shall succeed. God bless you all.

May you always deserve in the future, as you have merited in the past, the confidence of the Church.

Addresses were also made by Right Rev. Bishop Garrigan, of Sioux City, formerly vice rector of the University, and John J. Delaney, corporation Counsel of New York city.

Mr. Delaney apologized for the fact that the Knights of Columbus took occasion to present the big check in such a public manner. He said that it was done in order to set an example to others, and for that reason only, and insisted that if the organization had had its way, the treasurer would have sneaked in the back door of the University with the

check under his arm, and after dropping it in somebody's lap, would have sneaked out the same way he came.

But he hoped the example set by the Knights of Columbus would be speedily followed and that the good work of endowing the University by contributions from loyal Catholics would proceed without interruption.

Business Methods

It is the cry of some political reformers that what is wanted in politics is "business methods," intending, of course, to be understood as including strict honesty from top to bottom. But it is far from being the universal experience that business from top to bottom is itself strictly unexceptionable as to morality. There was a case the other day in a New York court in which as to the sale of a salt company's assets, one of the receivers gave evidence reported as follows:

The sale, Receiver Beardslee testified, included that of the company's valuable brands and trademarks, including the trademark, "Purity."

"That brand was a valuable asset was it not?" the witness was asked.

"Yes," he responded. "It was the brand of our highest priced goods. The 'Purity' salt brought \$7 a ton, and had a good market."

Justice Scott asked: "Was the 'Purity' salt different from the rest of the company's products?"

Mr. Beardslee smiled. "Well," he said, "they all come out of the same kettle. No, it was all the same salt."

When the laughter had subsided, Justice Scott asked: "Why did the 'Purity' salt command the high price and good market?"

"The extensive advertising the brand got—that's all," said the receiver.

This could hardly be claimed as a model for "business methods" in politics.

JUST ONE MORE DIRECT PROOF

That Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Promptly and Permanently

All Forms and Stages of Kidney Disease—New Brunswick Man Tells of Terrible Urinary Complaints Banned Once and for All

St. Mary's Ferry, York Co., N.B., April 25.—(Special)—Thomas Harrison, a well-known resident of this place, adds his testimony to that of the thousands who have proved that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure promptly and permanently any form or stage of Kidney Disease. Mr. Harrison says: "Some years ago I began to suffer from pain in the back, accompanied by a lethargy impossible to overcome. I was attended by a physician, but continued to grow worse, and began to pass bloody urine. "On the advice of a friend I started using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and by the time I had taken one box I passed a stone which is now in the doctor's possession.

Three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely, and though it is now years since I was cured I have had no return of my old complaint."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the flidneys and with sound kidneys you need never fear urinary complaints.

In connection with the completion by the editor of the Buffalo Union and Times of thirty consecutive years of editorial duty, The Buffalo News says:

"Father Cronin came to the editorial conduct of the Catholic Union and Times when the paper was just two years old, since it was established by Bishop Ryan in 1872, and it is due in very large measure to his high ability as a writer and orator that it has won the brilliant success which has accompanied his labors as its chief. Congratulations are coming to Father Cronin in showers, but none surpasses in sincerity and appreciation that extended by the editorial fraternity.

"Editor, preacher, poet, teacher and admirable citizen, Father Cronin has the respect and confidence and esteem of the city to a degree accorded few men, and he deserves it all. The best wishes follow him as he continues his work and the prayers of the people that he may be able for many years to come to heed the apostolic injunction and in many directions 'adorn the doctrine of God.'"

A Soothing Oil—To throw oil upon the troubled waters means to subdue the most boisterous sea. To apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to the troubled body when it is racked with pain means speedy subjugation of the most refractory elements. It cures pain, heals bruises, takes the fire from wounds, and as a general household medicine is useful in many ailments. It is worth much.

A wonderful fact to comment upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery of every other. A great city by night, that every one of those darkly-clustered houses encloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them encloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it! Something of the awfulness, even of death itself, is referable to this. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I loved, and vainly hie in time to read it all. No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water, where, in as momentary lights glanced in to it, I have had glimpses of buried treasure and other things submerged. It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, for ever and for ever, when I had read but a page. It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost, when the light was playing on its surface, and I stood in ignorance on the shore. My friend is dead, my neighbor is dead, my love, the darling of my soul, is dead; it is the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individuality, and which I shall carry to my life's end. In any of the burial places in this city through which I pass, is there a sleeper more inscrutable than its busy inhabitants are, in their innermost personality, to me, and than I am to them?—Charles Dickens ("Tale of Two Cities").

Lighting Fixtures For Electricity or Gas. Church work a specialty.
McDonald & Willson
 TORONTO

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE
BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS
RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says:
 212 King street east.
 Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

John O'Connor, Toronto:
 DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.
 S. PRICE.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.
 John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.
 DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,
 (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.
 John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him.
 Yours for ever thankful,
 PETER AUSTEN.

198 King street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.
 John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.
 Yours truly,
 GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.
 John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.
 Yours respectfully,
 MRS. SIMPSON.

Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1901.
 John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am
 Yours truly,
 (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901.
 John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:

DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.
 Yours sincerely,
 JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902.
 John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.
 JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.
 John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am
 Yours, etc.,
 ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE,
 With the Boston Laundry.

BLOOD POISONING

Toronto, April 16th, 1902.
 John O'Connor, Esq., City:

DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.
 Respectfully yours,
 J. J. CLARKE,
 72 Wolsley street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902.
 John O'Connor, Esq.:

DEAR SIR—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work.
 J. SHERIDAN,
 34 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 199 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO
 FOR SALE BY
WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E.
J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E.
 And by all Druggists **PRICE 51.00 PER BOX.**

The Catholic Register

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LOCAL AGENT: JOSEPH COOLAHAN. Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1904.

FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE.

There seems to be no end to the variety of sensational rumors current in the Press in connection with the return visit paid on Monday last by the President of France to the King of Italy. The cable correspondents in Rome have it that the Pope intends to protest, but that the form of his protest is most uncertain. The relations of France to the Holy See have been so confused by the perfidy of the political group holding power in Paris that there is little wonder the newspaper writers are conflicting and all at fault in their views. However, there can be no misunderstanding about the relationship of the Holy See to France. France, whatever her government may be, is a Catholic state and the whole plan of President Loubet's visit is a deliberate offence to the Supreme Pontiff. Prior to the departure of President Loubet, some of the French journals made the statement that the government of France had undertaken to arrange in his behalf for an audience of the Pope. This assertion was duly followed by an official denial, with a rider to the effect that the French Government felt no desire that the President should be received by the Pope. These wholly gratuitous attentions promptly drew from the Osservatore Romano a formal but pointed declaration that no convention or accord had taken place for any conference, and that there was not and could not be any understanding for a mutual ignoring by France and the Holy See of their respective positions. "That which can in no way be ignored by anyone," says the Osservatore, "is the very grave offence which is given to the Pope by the visit made to Rome in the present conditions by a head of a Catholic state."

This language is plain enough and will fulfil its purpose no matter what the Combes group may think of it in Paris. It sets all misunderstanding at rest, in language too strict and formal to be mistaken for mere discussion of events the significance of which might be open either to challenge or misconception. But active enemies of the Papacy in Paris and Rome can always be relied upon to create new diversions; and so we now have the yarn about a priest's intention of killing President Loubet. When these insularities of the Papacy have to pay the reckoning for their ill-considered words and actions it will not be with some excited priest but with the Catholic voters of France.

ANOTHER BOOK BY VICAR-GENERAL MAUDONALD.

"The Symbol in Sermons" is the title of a companion volume to "The Symbol of the Apostles," by the same author, the Very Rev. Alex. MacDonald, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Antigonish, N.S. The present book, which is published by the Christian Press Association Publishing Company, New York, is in plan and execution very like its forerunner, that is to say it is lucid and easy in style, concise in arrangement and magnetic in its erudition. There are in all five and twenty sermons on the articles of the Creed, all short and all fragrant of the faith. The sum of faith in the Creed and in these sermons we have the entire body of Christian doctrine growing out of the creed most admirably reviewed.

THE KING IN IRELAND.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra arrived in Ireland on Tuesday and received a welcome worthy of the Irish people. When we say worthy of the Irish people, it is implied that it was worthy of the respect and admiration in which Edward VII. is held by the Irish nation. Apart altogether from that good will and sympathy extended on every occasion by the King towards Ireland, there is no part of his dominions in which a higher estimate of his character obtains among all classes. This is true in an especial manner of the Nationalists who regard the Sovereign as the greatest diplomat and the most powerful friend of peace that England has known in modern times. A splendid tribute to His Majesty as a peacemaker was uttered a few weeks ago by Michael Davitt in the United States, where it found an echo in the hearts of the Irish millions

throughout the republic. The present visit to Ireland cannot fail to promote the cause of good will between the sister islands. When Edward VII. first set foot on Irish soil as King, it was to the people his right hand was extended. The customary armed guard having been pressed upon him he declined it with the now historic declaration that he needed no guards between him and the hearts of his Irish people. When he addressed the faculty of Trinity College it was to the figures of Grant and Burke he pointed with admiration, and when he appeared within the walls of the Catholic College of Maynooth his words likewise told of warm sympathy with the unquenchable aspiration of Irish nationality. Go where he will through the green isle to-day, King Edward will meet none but welcoming faces, and he will also see in those faces high hope and anticipation of national recovery where his predecessors read very different emotions. Ireland will be completely happy one of these days with Home Rule realized under Edward as her King.

A TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

The Bee, the monthly Magazine of St. Jerome's College, Berlin, has the following: The storm of invective with which the ministry of Mr. Combes is assailed by the expression of the public opinion through the national press, tends to show the power which it wields in the sphere of intellectual and political affairs; and the consequent importance which should be attached to the right selection of articles which are permitted to appear in its columns. The whole tone of our secular papers has a materialistic ring, and dissertations are regularly reported which contain a covert sting against the most sacred teaching of the Catholic Church. Through them, the discoveries of experimental scientists are widely disseminated, and their sophisms so intelligently concealed, as to require the trained mind of the logician to unravel. It is no wonder, then, that many are unconsciously led into error, and abandon the Catholic faith. Again, the most feverish activity is displayed to serve up a suggestive description of a revolting circumstance; the privacy of domestic life is openly violated, and conjugal love and happiness held up to the public scorn. On the other hand, the editors of such papers as The Catholic Register, The Catholic Record, The Ave Maria, The Dominican, The Good Counsel Magazine and The Carmelite Review perform a work of incalculable benefit, by following in the wake of false theorists, and exposing the error of their pernicious doctrine, by publishing stories which tend to elevate the life of the reader, and inculcate reverence for all natural and revealed law. Papers, such as the above, are a mirror that reflects the Christian mind, the editors of which are not lost in the current of free license which permeates the secular press, but aim at the attainment of some lasting good. A retrospective glance is sufficient evidence of their truth, that initiation is a pre-emptive faculty of the human mind; so that Catholic newspapers and magazines, by transmitting to the growing generation, the example of noble efforts to emulate in the investigation of truth, will cause the good work to increase, and prosper, so that the ambition of the Holy Father will be eventually realized and "all things will be renewed in Christ."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Russian Vladivostok fleet has appeared off the Korean coast in fighting trim.

To Mr. and Mrs. F. B. McNamee, Montreal, who on Monday last celebrated their golden wedding, The Register wishes the prolonged enjoyment of that health and prosperity of which they have made so admirable a use for church and society.

CHISHOLM-MULCAHY NUPTIALS.

A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated last week when Richard Chisholm, a popular young druggist, was united in marriage to Miss I. Mulcahy. Rev. Father Ferguson officiated and the bride was assisted by her cousin, Miss Bella Foster. Mr. Thomas Beasley, jr., was the best man. They left on a short honeymoon trip, carrying with them the best wishes of their many friends.

PHELAN-DELOIR.

A very pretty wedding took place in St. Mary's Cathedral on Monday, when John Ernest Phelan, an employee of the Canadian Transfer Co., was united in marriage to Miss Philomine Deloie. Sydney English, brother-in-law of the bride, presided at the organ and Mrs. E. E. English sang. The happy couple left for Buffalo and other points.

DEATH OF MRS. WYNNE.

A large circle of friends deeply regret the death of Mrs. J. K. Wynne, a well-known former resident of this city, who passed away in Detroit last week. She was a sister of the late Mrs. Thomas Bain and the late Mrs. James Armstrong. For some years her husband was a government detective at Niagara Falls and later kept the Revere House in this city. They moved to Detroit some time ago. Besides her husband a daughter and one sister, Miss Brown of Niagara Falls, survive. The remains were brought to this city and the funeral took place from the residence of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Delanty, Bay street north. Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral, and the interment was in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

FUNERAL OF MR. MAGERUS.

The remains of Matthias Magerus were laid to rest in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery last week, the funeral taking place from his late residence, Catherine street north. It was largely attended. Deceased was well up in years and highly respected. The mass was celebrated at the Cathedral and the ball-bearers were Matthew Fos-

Budget of Hamilton News

Something About Holy Sepulchre Cemetery—Chisholm-Mulcahy and Phelan-Deloir Weddings—Mrs. Wynne, Mrs. Yaldon, Mrs. Conley, and Other Good Citizens Gone—Opening of Women's Retreat, and Other Interesting News.

(Special to The Catholic Register.)

Hamilton, April 21.—Another year has come and gone and the Catholics of Hamilton are still wondering when they are going to be provided with proper means of conveyance to Holy Sepulchre cemetery. As the war months approach and general signs of spring make their appearance, there are many Catholics desirous of going frequently to the cemetery to attend to the graves of beloved ones which have been left at the mercy of King Winter for several months. At this time of the year it is almost impossible to go to the cemetery with a good deal of expense, which many are unable to bear.

Was a mistake made in selecting this spot for the cemetery? This is a question often asked and there are few who will answer yes. A few miles from the city, overlooking the bay, in a secluded spot where a solemn peace and impressive quietness reigns supreme, one is immediately struck, when entering Holy Sepulchre cemetery with the appropriate place for our holy dead.

This silent spot—the city of our dead—is not in half as good shape or as beautiful as it would be if proper conveyance to it could be had. The grass in places frequently grows feet high and weeds are also in evidence where they should not be. There are other things of this nature which take away from its beauty and which could be prevented could the people get these easily. Work as hard as he can the sexton and his staff cannot keep up to the work. In fact considering the circumstances the cemetery is kept in good shape. Graves and plots that would otherwise secure attention frequently are only attended to at intervals of great length and all on account of the conditions.

A few years ago a boat ran every Sunday during the week to the foot of the cemetery and hundreds patronized it. The cemetery was looking better then that it has in a long time. The ice, however, put it out of business and nothing was done about erecting a new one. The boat now only runs to Bay View, a mile away from the cemetery, and it is necessary to climb a steep hill to reach the road that leads to it. Tramping this distance there and the heat of the hot sun is a feat which sires both young and old. In this way many of the older people particularly, who delight to spend an hour frequently on Sundays during the year beside the graves of their departed, recalling happy memories of the past, are prevented from doing so. Wagons were used last year but this seems hardly the proper thing either for a boat that has to travel to the foot of the cemetery or something just as good with a reasonable charge for the conveyance would be the proper caper. The boat idea seems the proper caper and would no doubt be a paying proposition. There are influential Catholic gentlemen here who could no doubt carry out such a plan. He would be money in pocket and have the lasting gratitude of the Catholics of Hamilton. The sooner it is done the sooner will the cemetery become the spot of beauty it should be.

FOR AN S.S. REPRESENTATIVE.

At a special meeting of the Hamilton Art School Board held last week Principal Neyland introduced the subject of having a representative from the Separate School Board on the Art School Board. The idea met with general approval, and Chairman Zimmerman of the Public School Board and others spoke in favor of it. The chairman thought that two from the Public and one from the Separate schools would be a fair deal. The constitution will have to be changed to do this. The matter was left until the May meeting. Notice of the motion will then be given and the matter will be finally settled at the annual meeting in June.

A matter regarding Separate School scholarships was left with the Internal Management Committee.

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A quiet but pretty wedding was celebrated last week when Richard Chisholm, a popular young druggist, was united in marriage to Miss I. Mulcahy. Rev. Father Ferguson officiated and the bride was assisted by her cousin, Miss Bella Foster. Mr. Thomas Beasley, jr., was the best man. They left on a short honeymoon trip, carrying with them the best wishes of their many friends.

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MRS. HENNINGAN PASSED AWAY.

Mrs. Hennigan, widow of the late James Hennigan, who was killed in a street car accident a couple of years ago, passed away at the residence of her sister Mrs. D. F. Shields, Cannon street east, on Sunday morning. She never recovered from the shock received at the death of her husband. She was a daughter of the late Matthew Britton and enjoyed the highest esteem of all who knew her. Her death will be deeply regretted. Two daughters survive. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning and mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Cathedral.

DEATH OF MRS. CONLEY.

A host of friends deeply regret the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Cecilia Conley, wife of James Conley, which took place on Sunday at her late residence, Wellington street, after a week's illness from pneumonia. She was a former resident of Dundas, but had lived here for 14 years. Two children survive. The funeral took place on Tuesday to St. Patrick's Church.

FUNERAL OF THOMAS HAYES.

The remains of Mr. Thomas Hayes, who died last week, were interred in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery on Monday. The remains were taken to St. Lawrence's Church, where Rev. Father Brady officiated. The pall-bearers were John Hayes, Michael Hayes, Thomas Butler and John Roach. The two granddaughters in Toronto are among those who survive.

JUNIOR HOLY NAME SOCIETY.

The members of this society repeated its entertainment in the parish hall on Tuesday night with the same success which attended the first presentation. On Sunday the members approached Holy Communion in a body. The society has filled a long-felt want in keeping the boys of the parish together. The same societies could be established in the other Catholic churches with good results.

MISSION AND RETREAT.

This and the following weeks promise to be busy ones in the churches. Preparations for the mission which opens on Sunday are being made at St. Lawrence's. Fathers O'Bryan, Devlin and Dougherty will be in charge. The mission for the women of St. Mary's congregation in connection with the celebration of the jubilee of the Immaculate Conception was begun yesterday. There are special masses in the morning, the hearing of confessions in the afternoons and services in the evening with sermons at each. The mission closes on Sunday.

DEATH OF MRS. YALDON.

After a long illness Mrs. Yaldon, wife of Richard Yaldon, proprietor of the Aquatic Hotel, passed away on Tuesday. She was well known and highly respected. Her death will be regretted. Four sons survive.

St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society.

The annual meeting of St. Vincent de Paul Children's Aid Society was held at St. Vincent's Hall on Monday evening, the 11th inst. His Grace Archbishop O'Connor, president, and with him on the platform were Rev. Fathers W. McCann, Hand, Ryan and Nazir; the officers of the society and a goodly attendance of members, amongst whom were many quite young men and ladies also present. In his address Mr. Mathew O'Connor, president, gave a most interesting and detailed account of the cases now under the supervision of the Association. This address showed that the work of new officers is by no means of a perfunctory nature, but that the heart and will of those who take part are in the work. A point emphasized by the president was the charge sometimes made that children are kept in institutions when they might obtain position outside, and that they are kept to be of use to the institutions. Mr. O'Connor showed that these children are retained under instructions from the Society, until they are old enough and sufficiently instructed to make their first Communion and receive confirmation, that far from being of assistance to the institutions, they are a care and an expense. The care and expense, however, are all borne cheerfully in view of the good to be accomplished.

The Treasurer's report showed a sound financial standing, though it was regretted that many members were in arrears with regard to fees. Means were suggested regarding collection. His Grace the Archbishop expressed his satisfaction at and approval of the work being done. He spoke of the particular institutions in which the children—many of them, he said, were placed, and especially commended the system adopted at Blantyre. After giving his blessing to those present the Archbishop withdrew, when the annual election of officers took place; most of the old officers on account of their efficiency in the past, were unanimously re-elected. The name of Mr. W. D. Dineen was added to the Board of Management, and that of Rev. J. Hand, J. Pape and Mr. O'Connor to the Advisory Board.

To say a few words regarding the work and objects of the Society needs no apology, for though in the words of His Grace the work is "one of the greatest," yet it is but little known outside those immediately concerned. The object is to look after the well-being, physically, mentally and morally, of all Catholic children who may come under the headings "dependent" or "neglected." To this end appointed officers attend the children's courts, which sits nine times a week in Toronto. They also receive information privately from the priests, society workers and the public generally, of children whose betterment would be secured by coming under the influence of the Association. While the city branch attends particularly to city cases, the Catholic children of the province as a whole are looked after by Mr. Wm. O'Connor, Government Inspector, who works in conjunction with the children's Aid Society. Mr. P. Hynes looks after the children of the city. The children are placed in whatever environment seems best suited to their circumstances; some for adoption in private homes—when they are still wards of the Society—others in our different industrial homes and other institutions. In all cases they are under the control of the Society until of age, and the training imparted enables them to take their stand in the world as independent and worthy citizens. These results, becoming more and more evident, make good the statement that the work accomplished is amongst "the greatest" of the many great works of the city. Quoting from the President's report we see that during the past year 326 cases involving the interests of 423 children, came under notice of the Society. In the nine years of its existence the Association has seen to the interests of 3,803 children.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.

(By our Montreal Correspondent.)

It is a rare thing for an Irish Catholic couple to reach the golden jubilee of their marriage. This week, however, Monday, April 25th, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. McNamee, 85 Cathedral street, celebrated that important event. The ceremony was celebrated with much eclat at St. Patrick's Church. At 8 o'clock Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father John E. Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. The altar was beautifully illuminated and decorated for the occasion, while the music under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, was of the highest order. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi was present in the sanctuary, besides several priests from the city. A large congregation also assisted. At the conclusion of the service Prof. J. A. Fowler played a beautiful wedding march, and the happy couple marched down the aisle to the church. At the door of the church they received the warm congratulations of their friends. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a reception was held at the family residence, Cathedral street, which was attended by hundreds. Many beautiful presents were also received by the jubilarians, besides telegrams of congratulation from many parts of Canada.

Mr. McNamee was born in the County Cavan, Ireland, and came with his family to this city 65 years ago, where he has lived ever since, with the exception of a few years spent in Quebec, while engaged in building the Quebec and Richmond Railroad. It was during his association with this work that he was married to Mrs. McNamee, in the Basilica of that city. Mr. McNamee has been engaged in the business of contractor of public works for upwards of half a century, and has successfully completed some of the most important contracts involving millions of dollars during his career. Amongst others may be mentioned the Quebec Water Works, several sections of the Eastern portion of the G.T.R., the Chambly Canal, Welland Canal, Carrillon dam, Montreal Island Canal for our city water works. He has been long associated as director and shareholder with leading commercial enterprises, notably the Union Abattoir Co., Lighterage Co., Montreal Stock Yards Co., Bell Telephone Co., and Park Incline Railway.

Mr. McNamee has, during many years, been identified with philanthropic works and with many of the charitable organizations of the city. Several years he occupied the office of President of the parish Irish National Society of this city, St. Patrick's, and is yet an active member of that organization. Despite his long and strenuous life—being 76 years of age—he is now striving to erect a permanent home for the Catholic Sailors' Club in one of the most central locations along the great harbor of Montreal.

Mr. McNamee aided in the excavation of the foundation of St. Patrick's Church and was present at the laying of the corner stones. He also assisted at the inauguration of St. Ann's and the other Irish parishes. He remembers the sad days of the ship fever, and saw the interment of the victims of that dreadful scourge of 1847.

"It has been said falsely," he remarked, in speaking of these events, "that those poor people were buried without coffins. That is absolutely untrue, and Rev. Canon Ellegood will corroborate what I say when I state that no people were more kindly, even tenderly, cared for than those unfortunates. Sir Dominick Daly, who was then chief governing power in the city, spent much money to get the immigrants comfortably housed." "After sixty-five years spent here," said Mr. McNamee, "I can say with all my heart that there is no country like Canada, and the man who would not be content here would not be content anywhere else."

There have been many changes in those sixty-five years since Mr. McNamee came out in a sailing vessel, which he took eight weeks for his journey from Dublin to Quebec. At one time the old gentleman says that he knew every face he saw on St. James street, but the city had grown to such proportions that now one in five hundred only is recognized. Then Dominion square was a cemetery; Craig street a creek, with bridges at St. Lawrence Main, St. Denis and St. Antoine Sts., and the latter was the most intimate locality in the city. Where the Place Viger stands was in the winter time a hay market, and in the summer a swamp covered with water. There was no harbour and the wharves did not exist. The steamer St. George took two nights and a day for her journey from Quebec to Montreal. Sherbrooke did not exist as a street, but there was a road from Beaver Hall Hill to Mr. Redpath's farm. Before St. Patrick's was built, the Irish Catholics worshipped in the Bonsecours Church, under Father O'Connor, and in the Recollets Church, under Rev. Father Phelan, afterwards Bishop of Kingston.

Mrs. McNamee is a native of King's County, Ireland, but came to Canada with her parents at an early date. For many years she lived in the Annapolis, but she has been a resident of Montreal for nearly half a century.

In all undertakings associated with her nationality, religious, social and charitable, she has been a conspicuous figure. She has been connected with the well known charitable work of providing homes for the orphan and the aged poor which was known under the name of St. Patrick's Bazaar, founded shortly after the erection of St. Patrick's Church. In other philanthropic enterprises such as the Catholic Sailors' Club, the Western Hospital, Montreal Foundling and Babies Home, Mrs. McNamee has rendered services which have been recognized and appreciated by all.

She is now in her 74th year and is imbued with a sincere desire to support her husband in his great endeavor in connection with a new home for the sailors visiting this port.

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C. M. B. A. Condolence

The following resolution was passed at the last regular meeting of Branch No. 111, C.M.B.A.

That whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death our highly respected brother member, Michael Boland, Resolved that we, the members of Branch 111, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by his wife, also by Brothers Walter and Edward Boland, and extend to them our most sincere sympathy and condolence.

Be it further resolved that the Branch charter be draped for one month and that the Branch have a mass said for the repose of his soul. W. J. MARKLE, Rec.-Secy.

DEATHS

FITZGERALD—At St. Michael's Hospital, on Friday, April 22nd, Maurice Fitzgerald, aged 66 years. R.I.P.

HALLEY—At 308 Borden street, on Monday morning, 25th April, Elizabeth Lynch, wife of Maurice Halley, aged 72 years and 10 months. R.I.P.

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OBITUARY

REV. FATHER LAROQUE LAID TO REST.
 With all the solemnity becoming a priest of God, the remains of Rev. Father Charles Laroque, the well-known and highly respected parish priest of St. Louis de France church, were laid to rest on Thursday morning, April 21st, in the presence of a congregation that filled the large edifice to overflowing. Thousands were unable to gain entrance to the church, many of whom contented themselves outside or in the vicinity of the church.

On Wednesday evening, April 20th, at 4 o'clock, the remains were borne to the church and laid in state. The final prayers in the Mortuary room of the Presbytery were said by the Bishop of Sherbrooke. The coffin having been closed, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Racicot intoned the "De Profundis," and the procession preceded by the crucifix, wended its way down Laval avenue. The coffin was borne by Rev. Fathers Adam, P.P., of the Sacred Heart; Cavanagh, P.P., of St. Vincent de Paul; Charrier, P.P., of St. James; Auclair, P.P., of St. Jean Baptiste; Jobin, P.P., of St. John of the Cross, and Carriere, P.P., of Lachute. Several priests, the church wardens, the members of the choir and teachers of the Olier School, followed the cortege.

On arriving in the church, the office of the dead was chanted by the clergy. The officiating clergyman were: The Bishop of Sherbrooke, brother of the deceased, pontificated at the requiem mass this morning. The other officers of the mass were: Rt. Rev. Mgr. Chalifoux, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Sherbrooke, assistant priest; Rev. F. Laroque, P.P., of Brompton, cousin of the deceased, deacon; Rev. N. Dubois, Principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, sub-deacon. In the sanctuary, besides the officiating clergyman, were: Most Rev. P. Bruchesi of Montreal; Most Rev. C. Langevin, Archbishop of St. Boniface; Rt. Rev. Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield; Rt. Rev. Bishop Brumault, of Nicolet; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Racicot, Vicar-General of Montreal; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Archambault, Vicar-General Mgr. Routhier, of Ottawa; Vicar-General Lacombe, of St. Boniface; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Chalifoux, Vicar-General of Sherbrooke; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Tanguay, Rev. Father Lacombe, Provincial of the Jesuits; Rev. Father Ducharme, Provincial of St. Viator; Rev. Father Jodoin, Provincial of the Oblats; Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P., of St. Anthony's, and his assistant, Rev. Father Thomas Heffernan; Rev. Father O'Meara, P.P., of St. Gabriel's; Rev. Father M. Callaghan, P.P., of St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Peter Heffernan, of St. Patrick's; Casey, of St. Jean Baptiste; Kavanagh, of St. Vincent de Paul; Kiernan, of St. Michael's; Laberge, of St. Telephore; Rev. Father Brady, P.P., St. Mary's; Lecourt, of Longue Pointe; Auclair, of St. Jean Baptiste; Demers, of the Sacred Heart; Decarie, of St. Henri; Erement, of St. Cuneonde; Belanger, of St. Joseph's; Bonin, of St. Charles; Charrier, of St. James; Aubin, of St. Rose; Archambault, of St. Roch; Canon Ror, Roussin, of Pointe Aux Trembles; and representatives of nearly every parish in the Archdiocese. Priests filled the sanctuary, sat on the altar steps, and many others had to remain in the sacristy owing to the want of room. Scattered through the church were the brothers and sisters of the various religious orders.

Rev. Abbe Demers, the Archbishop's secretary, acted as Master of Ceremonies. The servers were from the Seminary of Philosophy. The church was heavily draped. The catalogue where the casket was placed was surrounded with innumerable lights. The Requiem Service sung by the choir was most impressive. At the close of the mass, Archbishop Bruchesi pronounced the funeral oration. It was a word picture of a heroic Christian soul, first as student, then as priest, going his whole duty, under all circumstances, in the work of that God, in whom he had such unswerving and childlike faith. He was ever the man of duty. He was a born organizer; and his executive ability was as great as his genius for organization. He was a thorough scholar in a manifold sense and a man of quick perception. When deputed to organize a parish in this section of the city, he at once set to work with characteristic energy and judgment and erected with the generous assistance of his parishioners, a church equal, if not superior, to the grandest that adorns this land. The Archbishop's peroration was most impressive and will linger long in the minds of those who heard it.

At the close of the sermon, Archbishop Bruchesi pronounced the final absolution; and the body was carried to the basement of the church and placed, according to the dead pastor's last request, in the vault beneath the baptistry in the west tower. Quietly under the towers of the great stone church which is his monument he was laid to rest.

"Shed not for him the farewell tear, Or give the heart to vain regret, 'Tis but the casket that lies here, The gem that fills it sparkles yet."

"He sleeps well after life's fitful fever."

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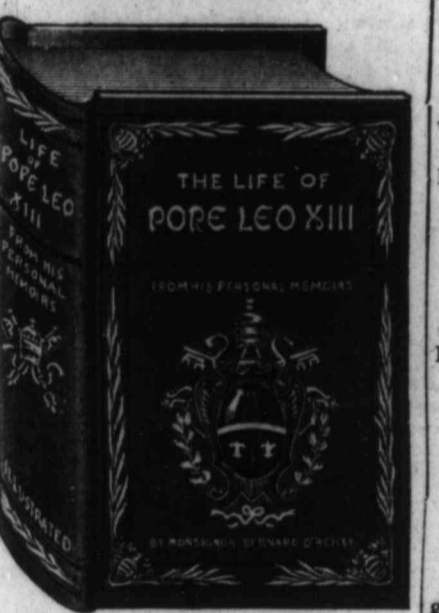
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 I firmly believe that the serious perusal of the life of such a distinguished Pontiff cannot but increase the respect, love and veneration due to the Holy See, hence I wish you success. The Canadian people, full of religious sentiments as they are, will know how to appreciate your efforts in placing it within their reach.
 Praying God to bestow upon you His choicest blessings, I remain,
 Respectfully yours,
 D. FALCANO, Arch. of Larissa, Apostolic Delegate.

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IRISH FAIRY TALES

Teig O'Kane and the Corpse

(Translated from Douglas Hyde.) There was once a grown-up lad in the County Leitrim, and he was strong and lively, and the son of a rich farmer. His father had plenty of money, and he did not spare it on the son. Accordingly, when the boy grew up he liked sport better than work, and, as his father had no other children, he loved this one so much that he allowed him to do in everything just as it pleased himself. He was very extravagant, and he used to scatter the gold money as another person would scatter the white. He was seldom to be found at home, but if there was a fair, or a race, or a gathering within ten miles of him, you were dead certain to find him there. And he seldom spent a night in his father's house, but he used to be always out rambling, and like Shawn swive long ago, there was

"gradh gach cailin i mbrollach a leine," "the love of every girl in the breast of his shirt," and it's many's the kiss he got and he gave, for he was very handsome, and there wasn't a girl in the country but would fall in love with him, coming for him to fasten his eyes on her, and it was for that some one made this "rann" of him: "Feuch an rogaire 'g irraidh poige, Ni h-iongantas more a bheith mar ata Ag leanamhaint a geomhuidhe d'arn-an na graineoige Anuas 's anois 's nna chodiadh 's a' la."

"Look at the rogue, it's for kisses he's rambling, coming for him to fasten his eyes on her, and it was for that some one made this 'rann' of him: He's like an old hedgehog, at night he'll be scrambling From this place to that, but he'll sleep in the day."

At last he became very wild and unruly. He wasn't to be seen day or night in his father's house, but always rambling on his "kailie" (night-visits) from place to place and from house to house, so that the old people used to shake their heads and say to one another, "It's easy seen what will happen to the land when the old man dies; his son will run through it in a year, and it won't stand him that long itself."

He used to be always gambling and card-playing and drinking, but his father never minded his bad habits, and never punished him. But it happened one day that the old man was told that the son had ruined the character of a girl in the neighborhood, and he was greatly angry, and he called the son to him, and said to him, quietly and sensibly: "Avic," (my son), says he, "you know I loved you greatly up to this, and I never stopped you from doing your choice thing whatever it was, and I kept plenty of money with you, and I always hoped to leave you the house and land, and all I had, after myself would be gone, but I heard a story of you to-day that has disgusted me with you. I cannot tell you the grief that I felt when I heard such a thing of you, and I tell you now plainly that unless you marry that girl I'll leave house and land and everything to my brother's son. I never could leave it to anyone who would make so bad a use of it as you do yourself, deceiving women and coaxing girls. Settle with yourself now whether you'll marry that girl and get my land as a fortune with her, or refuse to marry her and give up all that was coming to you; and tell me in the morning which of the two things you have chosen."

"Och! Donnog Sheery! father, you wouldn't say that to me, and I such a good son as I am. Who told you I wouldn't marry the girl?" says he. "But his father was gone, and the lad knew well enough that he would keep his word too; and he was greatly troubled in his mind, for as quiet and as kind as the father was, he never went back on a word that he had once said, and there wasn't another man in the country who was harder to bend than he was."

The boy did not know rightly what to do. He was in love with the girl indeed, and he hoped to marry her some time or other, but he would much sooner have remained another while as he was, and follow on at his old tricks—drinking, sporting and playing cards; and, along with that, he was angry that his father should order him to marry, and should threaten him if he did not do it. "Isn't my father a great fool," says he to himself. "I was ready enough, and only too anxious to marry Mary; and now since he threatened me, faith I've a great mind to let it go another while."

His mind was so much excited that he remained between two notions as to what he should do. He walked out into the night at last to cool his heated blood, and went on to the road. He lit a pipe, and as the night was fine he walked and walked on until the quick pace made him begin to forget his trouble. The night was bright, and the moon half full. There was not a breath of wind blowing, and the air was calm and mild. He walked on for nearly three hours, when he suddenly remembered that it was late in the night, and time for him to turn. "Musha! I think I forgot myself," says he. The word was hardly out of his mouth when he heard the sound of many voices and the trampling of feet on the road before him. "I don't know who can be out so late at night as this, and on such a lonely road," said he to himself. He stood listening, and he heard the voices of many people talking to each other, but he could not understand what they were saying. "Oh, virra!" says he, "I'm afraid. It's not fish at Ennleek they have, it can't be they're Frenchmen!" He went on a couple of yards further, and he saw well enough by the light of the moon a band of "little people" coming toward him, and they were carrying something big and heavy with them. "Oh, murder!" says he to himself, "sure it can't be that they're the good people that's in it!" Every rib of hair that was on his head stood up, and that tell he was hurrying, and sometimes he escaped, but he was obliged always to rise on the moment and to hurry on. Sometimes the moon would break out clearly, and then he would look behind him and see the little people following at his back. And

half, and some of them were gray, and seemed very old. He looked again, but could not make out what was the heavy thing they were carrying until they came up to him, and then they all stood round about him. They threw the heavy thing down on the road, and he saw on the spot that it was a dead body. He became as cold as death, and there was not a drop of blood running in his veins when an old little gray "maneeen" came up to him and said, "Isn't it lucky we met you, Teig O'Kane?"

Poor Teig could not bring out a word at all, nor open his lips, if he were to get the word for it, and so he gave no answer. "Teig O'Kane!" said the little gray man again, "isn't it timely you met us?" Teig could not answer him. "Teig O'Kane!" says he, "the third time, isn't it lucky and timely that we met you?" But Teig remained silent, for he was afraid to return an answer, and his tongue was as if it was tied to the roof of his mouth. The little gray man turned to his companions, and there was joy in his bright little eye. "And now," says he, "Teig O'Kane hasn't a word, we can do with him what we please. Teig, Teig!" says he, "you are living a bad life! And we can make a slave of you now, and you cannot withstand us, for there's no use in trying to go against us. Lift that corpse!"

Teig was so frightened that he was only able to utter the two words, "I won't," for, as frightened as he was, he was obstinate and stiff, the same as ever. "Teig O'Kane won't lift the corpse!" said the little maneeen, with a wicked little laugh, for all the world like the breaking of a look of dry killeens, and with a little, harsh voice like the striking of a cracked bell. "Teig O'Kane won't lift the corpse!" said the little man again, and before the word was out of his mouth they had all gathered round poor Teig, and they all talking and laughing among themselves.

Teig tried to run from them, but they followed him, and a man of them stretched out his foot before him as he ran, so that Teig was thrown in a heap on the road. Then before he could rise up the fairies caught him, some by the hands and some by the feet, and they held him tight, in a way that he could not stir, with his face against the ground. Six or seven of them raised the body then, and pulled it over to him, and left it down on his back. The breast of the corpse was squeezed against Teig's back and shoulders, and the arms of the corpse were thrown around Teig's neck. Then they stood back from him a couple of yards, and let him get up. He rose, foaming at the mouth and cursing, and he shook himself, thinking to throw the corpse off his back. But his fear and his wonder were great when he found that the two arms had a tight hold round his own neck, and that the two legs were squeezing his hips firmly, and that, however strongly he tried, he could not throw it off any more than a horse can throw off its saddle. He was terribly frightened then, and he thought he was lost. "Ochone! forever," said he to himself, "it's the bad life I'm leading that has given 'the good people' this power over me. I promise to God and Mary, Peter and Paul, Patrick and Bridget, that I'll mend my ways for as long as I have to live if I come clear out of this danger—and I'll marry the girl!"

The little gray man came up to him again, and said he to him, "Now, Teiggeen," said he, "you didn't lift the body when I told you to lift it; perhaps when I tell you to bury it, you won't bury it until you're made to bury it!" "Anything at all that I can do for your honor," said Teig, "I'll do it," for he was getting sense already, and if it had not been for the great fear that was on him, he never would have let that civil word slip out of his mouth. The little man laughed a sort of laugh again. "You're getting quiet now, Teig," said he. "I'll go bail but you'll be quiet enough before I'm done with you. Listen to me, now, Teig O'Kane, and if you don't obey me in all I'm telling you to do, you'll repent it. You must carry with you this corpse that is on your back to Teampoll-Demus, and you must bring it into the church with you, and make a grave for it in the very middle of the church, and you must raise up the flags and put them down again the very same way, and you must carry the clay out of the church and leave the place as it was when you came, so that no one could know that there had been anything changed. But that's not all. Maybe that the body won't be allowed to be buried in that church, perhaps some other man has the 'bed,' and if so, it's likely he won't share it with this one. If you don't get leave to bury it in Teampoll-Demus, you must carry it to Carrick-thad-vic-Orus, and bury it in the churchyard there; and if you don't get it into that place, take it with you to Teampoll-Ronan, and if that churchyard is closed on you, take it to Imlogue-Fada; and if you're not able to bury it there, you've no more to do than to take it to Kill-Breedya, and you can bury it there without hindrance. I cannot tell you what one of those churches is the one where you will have leave to bury that corpse under the clay, but I know that it will be allowed you to bury him at some church or other of them. If you do this work, and you will have no cause to grieve, but if you are slow or lazy, believe me, you shall take satisfaction of you."

When the little gray man had done speaking, his comrades laughed and clapped their hands together. "Glee! Glee! Hwee! Hwee!" they all cried; "go on! go on! you have eight hours before you till daybreak, and if you haven't this man buried before the sun rises, you're lost!" They struck a fist and a foot behind on him, and drove him on in the road. He was obliged to walk, and to walk fast, for they gave him no rest. He thought himself that there was not a wet path, or a dirty breen, or a crooked, contrary road in the whole country, that he had not walked that night. The night was at times very dark, and whenever there would come a cloud across the moon he could see nothing, and then he used to often lose his way, and he was often lost, and sometimes he escaped, but he was obliged always to rise on the moment and to hurry on. Sometimes the moon would break out clearly, and then he would look behind him and see the little people following at his back. And

he heard them speaking among themselves, talking and crying out, and screaming like a flock of sea-gulls; and if he was to save his soul he never understood as much as one word of what they were saying. He did not know how far he had walked, when at last one of them cried out to him, "Stop here!" He stood, and they all gathered round him. "Do you see those withered trees over there?" said the old boy to him again. "Teampoll Demus is among those trees, and you must go in there by yourself, for we cannot follow you or go with you. We must remain here. Go on boldly."

Teig looked from him, and he saw a high wall that was in places half broken down, and an old gray church on the inside of the wall, and about a dozen withered old trees scattered here and there round it. There was neither leaf nor twig on any of them, but their bare, crooked branches were stretched out like the arms of an angry man when he threatens. He had no help for it, but was obliged to go forward. He was a couple of hundred yards from the church, but he walked on, and never looked behind him until he came to the gate of the churchyard. The old gate was thrown down, and he had no difficulty in entering. He turned then to see if any of the little people were following him, but there came a cloud over the moon, and the night became so dark that he could see nothing. He went into the churchyard, and he walked up the old grassy path-way leading to the church. When he reached the door, he found it locked. The door was large and strong, and he did not know what to do. At last he drew out his knife with difficulty and stuck it into the wood to try if it were not rotten, but it was not.

"Now," said he to himself, "I have no more to do, the door is shut, and I can't open it. The little people were rightly shaped in his own mind, a voice in his ear said to him, 'Search for the key on the top of the door, or on the wall!'"

He started. "Who is that speaking to me?" he cried, turning round, but he saw no one. The voice in his ear again, "Search for the key on the top of the door, or on the wall!" "What's that?" said he, and the sweat running from his forehead, he spoke to me?" "It's I, the corpse, that spoke to you!" said the voice. "Can you talk?" said Teig. "Now and again," said the corpse. Teig searched for the key, and he found it on the top of the wall. He was too much frightened to say any more, but he opened the door wide, and as quickly as he could, and he went in, with the corpse on his back. It was as dark as pitch inside, and poor Teig began to shake and tremble.

"Light the candle," said the corpse. Teig put his hand in his pocket, as well as he was able, and drew out a flint and steel. He struck a spark out of it, and lit a burnt rag he had in his pocket. He blew it until it made a flame, and he looked round him. The church was very ancient, and part of the wall was broken down. The windows were blown in, or cracked, and the timber of the seats was rotten. There were six or seven old iron candlesticks there still, and in one of these candlesticks Teig found the stump of an old candle, and he lit it. He was still looking round him on the strange and weird place in which he found himself, when the cold corpse whispered in his ear, "Bury me now! bury me now! there is a spade under the ground." Teig looked round him and he saw a spade lying beside the altar. He took it up, and he placed the blade under a flag that was in the middle of the aisle, and leaning all his weight on the handle of the spade, he raised it. When the first flag was raised it was not hard to raise the others near it, and he moved three or four of them out of their places. The clay that was under them was soft and easy to dig, but he had not thrown up more than three or four shovelfuls, when he felt the iron touch something soft like flesh. He threw up three or four more shovelfuls from around it, and then he saw that it was another body that was buried in the same place.

"I am afraid I'll never be allowed to bury the two bodies in the same hole," said Teig, "in his mind there was a spade, and my back," says he, "will you be satisfied if I bury you down here?" But the corpse never answered him a word. "That's a good sign," said Teig to himself. "Maybe he's getting quiet," and he thrust the spade down in the earth again. Perhaps he hurt the flesh of the other body, for the dead man that was buried there stood up in the grave, and shouted an awful shout. "Hoo! hoo! hoo!" there he went! "Och! hoo! hoo! hoo!" there he went! "Och! hoo! hoo! hoo!" there he went! And then he fell back in the grave again. Teig said afterward, that of all the wonderful things he saw that night, that was the most awful to him. His hair stood upright on his head like the bristles of a pig, the cold sweat ran off his face, and then came a tremor over all his bones, until he thought that he was fast becoming a ghost. But after a while he became bolder, when he saw that the second corpse remained lying quietly there, and he threw in the clay on it again, and he smoothed it over head, and he laid down the flags carefully as they had been before. "It can't be that he'll rise up any more," said he.

He went down the aisle a little further, and drew near to the door, and began raising the flags again, looking for another bed for the corpse. He took up three or four flags and put them aside, and then he dug the clay. He was not long digging before he laid bare an old woman without a thread upon her but her shirt. She was more lively than the first corpse, for he had scarcely taken any of the clay away from about her, when she sat up and began to cry, "Ho, you bodach! (clown)! Ha, you bodach! there has been that he got no bed!"

Poor Teig drew back, and when she said that she was getting no answer, she closed her eyes gently, lost her vigor, and fell back quietly and slowly under the clay. Teig did to her as he had done to the man—he threw the clay back on her, and left the flags down overhead. He began digging again near the door, but before he had thrown up more than a couple of shovelfuls, he noticed a man's hand laid bare by the spade. "By my soul, I'll go further, then," said he to himself, "what use is it for me?" And he threw the clay in again on it, and

settled the flags as they had been before. He left the church then, and his heart was heavy enough, but he shut the door and locked it, and left the key where he found it. He sat down on a tombstone that was near the door, and began thinking. He was great doubt what he should do. He laid his face between his two hands, and cried for grief and fatigue since he was dead certain at this time that he never would come home alive. He made another attempt to loosen the hands of the corpse that were squeezed round his neck, but they were as tight as if they were clamped; and the more he tried to loosen them the tighter they squeezed once more, when the cold, horrid lips of the dead man said to him, "Carrick-thad-vic-Orus," and he remembered the command of the good people to bring the corpse with him to that place if he should be unable to bury it where he had been.

He rose up, and looked about him. "I don't know the way," he said. As soon as he uttered the word, the corpse stretched out suddenly its left hand that had been tightened round his neck, and kept it pointing out, showing him the road he ought to follow. Teig went in the direction that the fingers were stretched, and passed out of the churchyard. He found himself on an old, rutty, stone road, and he stood still again, not knowing where to turn. The corpse stretched out its bony hand a second time, and pointed out to him another road—not the road by which he had come when approaching the old church. Teig followed that road, and whenever he came to a path or road meeting, the corpse always stretched out its hand and pointed with its fingers, showing him the way he was to take.

Many was the crossroad he turned down, and many was the crooked breen he walked, until he saw from him an old burying-ground at last, beside the road, but there was neither church nor chapel nor any other building in it. The corpse squeezed him tightly, and he stood. "Bury me! Bury me in the burying-ground!" said the voice. Teig drew over toward the old burying-ground, and he was not more than about twenty yards from it, when, raising his eyes, he saw hundreds and hundreds of ghosts—men, women and children—sitting on the top of the wall round about, or standing on the inside of it, or running backwards and forwards, and pointing at him, while he could see their mouths opening, though he heard no word, nor any sound among them all.

He was afraid to go forward, so he stood where he was, and the moment he stood, all the ghosts became quiet and ceased moving. Then Teig understood that it was trying to keep him from going in, that they were. He walked a couple of yards forward, and immediately the whole crowd rushed together toward the spot to which he was moving, and they stood so thickly together that it seemed to him that he never could break through them, even though he had a mind to try. But he had no mind to try it. He went back broken and dispirited, and when he had gone a couple of hundred yards from the burying-ground, he stood again, for he did not know what way he was to go. He heard the voice of the corpse in his ear, saying "Teampoll-Ronan," and the skinny hand was stretched out again, pointing him out the road. As tired as he was, he had to walk, and the road was neither short nor even. The night was darker than ever and it was difficult to make his way. Many was the toss he got, and many a bruise they left on his body. At last he saw Teampoll-Ronan from him in the distance, standing in the middle of the burying-ground. He moved over toward it, and thought he was all right and safe, when he saw no ghosts nor anything else on the wall, and he thought he would never be hindered now from leaving his load off him at last. He moved over to the gate, but as he was passing in he tripped over the threshold. Before he could recover himself, something he could not see seized him by the neck, by the hands and by the feet, and bruised him and shook him, and choked him, until he was nearly dead, and at last he was lifted up, and carried more than a hundred yards from that place, and then thrown down in an old dyke with the corpse still clinging to him.

He rose up, bruised and sore, but he feared to go near the place again, for he had seen nothing the time he was thrown down and carried away. "You corpse upon my back," said he, "shall I go over again to the churchyard?"—but the corpse never answered him. "That's a sign you don't wish me to try it again," said Teig. He was now in great doubt as to what he ought to do, when the corpse spoke in his ear, and said, "Imlogue-Fada."

"Oh, murder!" said Teig, "must I bring you there? If you keep me long walking like this, I tell you I'll fall under you!" He went on, however, in the direction the corpse pointed out to him. He could not have told himself how long he had been going, when the dead man behind suddenly squeezed him, and said, "There!"

Teig looked from him, and he saw a little, low wall that was so broken down in places that it was no wall at all. It was a great, wide field, in from the road; and only for three or four great stones at the corners, there was nothing to show that there was either graveyard or burying-ground there.

"Is this Imlogue-Fada? Shall I bury you here?" said Teig. "Yes," said the voice. "But I see no grave or gravestone, only this pile of stones," said Teig. The corpse did not answer, but stretched out its long, fleshless hand to show Teig the direction in which he was to go. Teig went on accordingly, but he was greatly terrified, for he remembered what had happened to him at the last place. He went on, "with his heart in his mouth," as he said himself afterwards; but when he came to within fifteen or twenty yards of the little, low wall, there broke out a flash of lightning, bright yellow and red, with blue streaks in it, and went round about the wall in one course, and it swept by as fast as the swallow in the clouds, and the longer Teig remained looking at it the faster it went, till at last it became like a bright ring of flame round the old grave-yard, which no one could pass without being burnt

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the grave was filled up, he stamped and leaped on it with his feet, until it was firm and hard, and then he left the place. The sun was fast rising as he finished his work, and the first thing he did was to return to the road, and look out for a house to rest himself in. He found an inn at last, and lay down upon a bed there, and slept till night. Then he rose up and ate a little, and fell asleep again till morning. When he awoke in the morning he hired a horse and rode home. He was more than twenty-six miles from home where he was, and he had come all that way with the dead body on his back in one night. All the people at his own home thought that he must have left the country, and they rejoiced greatly when they saw him come back again. Every one began asking him where he had been, and he would not tell one except his father. He was a changed man from that day. He never drank too much; he never lost his money over cards; and especially he would not take of the world and be out late by himself of a dark night. He was not a fortnight at home until he married Mary, the girl he had been in love with; and it's not to be wondered at that, for at their wedding the sport was, and he was more than twenty-six miles from home where he was, and he had come all that way with the dead body on his back in one night. He was a changed man from that day. He never drank too much; he never lost his money over cards; and especially he would not take of the world and be out late by himself of a dark night. He was not a fortnight at home until he married Mary, the girl he had been in love with; and it's not to be wondered at that, for at their wedding the sport was, and he was more than twenty-six miles from home where he was, and he had come all that way with the dead body on his back in one night. He was a changed man from that day. 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THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

(Author of "The Handsome Brando," etc.)

"She doesn't get out of it much before ten o'clock, but she goes, and then Pincher slinks in, and I give him a bit of food, and we go to bed. Only Poll's here at six in the morning, and all the children at her heels."

"She must not come to-morrow morning." The old woman looked at her with an expression made up of hope and fear on her face.

"I daren't do it, Miss," she said in a whisper. "She'd screech and clap and drive me out of my mind, so she would. You see she thinks she's doing the world and all, the poor creature."

"Is there anyone you would like in her place?" For an instant varying expressions chased each other over the nearly blind face. Then something of illumination came.

"There's one, Judy McCann Gillian. She lives in the very last house in the village. She's a red-headed northern woman, real clean and contriving, not like poor Poll that manages everybody out of their senses. Poll's hair only makes for being sandy, and the managin' is gone wrong in her. I think she'd be afraid of her life of Judy. Judy's a terribly quiet, civil-spoken woman, but has the name of a temper. I've never seen it myself."

"I'll see if Judy can't be here before six to-morrow morning. Then she can send Mrs. Murphy about her business. Perhaps you'd like Judy to stay with you for a little while till you were sure that Poll wouldn't come back. Afterwards she could just come and see to you of mornings."

"I wouldn't know Judy was in the house. She's an awful soft-spoken woman. I'd like her for a while, and till Poll was off it. Then I'd just as soon be my lone, myself and Pincher. Do you know what it is, Miss Alison, love, to like the loneliness better than anyone else when you can't have the one you like for company?"

"I know it," said Alison softly. Mrs. Donegan peered at her from her dim eyes. "Ah now, and do you know it, avourneen? And I thought it 'twas yourself had all the world could give," she said in a whisper.

"Well, I'll see Mrs. McGwillan on my homeward way," said Alison, turning away from the delicate sympathy. Now would you like her to come to you to-night? Then you'd be sure she'd be here before Poll comes in the morning."

in at the open windows of Hazelhurst. Although London was barely thirty miles away, the country about Midhurst was inhabited by a number of old-fashioned aristocratic families, who were little affected by the nearness of London. The Duchess of Forest, the Lord of the Manor at Oakhurst, Lord and Lady Sellinger at Sellinger, the Misses Wharton at the Lodge, the Rev. and Honorable Percy Montrose at the Vicarage, Sir Andrew Oliphant at the Knoll; for these London had practically no existence.

It was somewhat remarkable that Mr. John and Mr. Peter Bosanquet should have found an entrance into this very exclusive set. There were a good many smart city men who had houses in the neighborhood, who were met every afternoon at the 8.15 down from London Bridge by very smart traps and very smart grooms, with high stepping horses that put to shame the old-fashioned equipages of the Duchess and Lord Sellinger.

The city men did not attain to even a nodding acquaintance with the great folk of the neighborhood, unless it might be Mr. Montrose, and he, as Vicar, was accessible to everyone, whatever his or her station. The city men lived at Midham, but for all they belonged to Midham life they might as well have been at the north pole.

The Duchess and Lady Sellinger and Lady Margaret Oliphant and the Misses Wharton were in and out of the picturesque cottages on Midham Green all hours of the day, and called everybody by their names, and knew how many teeth the babies had and how many the old men had to eat their food with, and how the daughters were doing in service, and all the rustic concerns.

The Duchess was in the first instance responsible for the introduction of the Bosanquets into her very exclusive circle. It happened that Mr. Peter intervened when a red-faced London cabman was being rowdy to the Duchess, who in her dowdy alpaca and bonnet that certainly needed renewing, had been as far as possible in the cabman's estimation from her exalted station.

Her Grace knew as well as any woman the value of a shilling, although she could be generous when she liked. She had paid the cabman such a fare as would have made him touch his hat to a man; with a woman of the helpless elderly sort, such as the Duchess looked, it suggested that a little disagreeableness might bring an addition to the sum.

"Allow me, your Grace," said Mr. Peter at the moment when the cabman's flow of eloquence had caused people to stop and grin at the entrance to Victoria Station. "If your Grace will walk on I will settle things with the man."

"I have given him half-a-crown from Portman Square," said the Duchess. "More than his fare," said Mr. Peter. "If you have anything to say say it to me, my good man—and one of the station-policemen. Your number, I think—ah, thank you—487600—is it a 6 or a 0?"

But the cabman overwhelmed indeed by the high-sounding title which he had heard conferred on his dowdy passenger, had sprung to his box and driven away with great rapidity. "Allow me," said Mr. Peter again, relieving the Duchess of an armful of small parcels.

seemed to find them easy to endure. He might have found Midham very dull without Lady Rose. As it was in these days of later summer they were pretty constantly together, yet their companionship was so much in all men's sight that it excited little comment.

Midham was too familiar with aristocracy to stand very much in awe of them. It would have been nothing incongruous in the mating of the descendant of a hundred earls with the son of an unpedigreed city merchant. However, it had hardly the liveliness to gossip about its betters as an Irish village would have done. So Paul played cricket a couple of times a week on the village green, while Lady Rose kept the score and afterwards dispensed tea in a little tent, there were times even when Lady Rose did not scorn to play rounders with the village maidens or to captain a scratch team of them against the Midham Eleven. They cycled and rode and fished, and walked insight of the village day after day.

But if the village did not take much notice, the Duchess knew perfectly well what she was about. In those early days in August she even expected the matter to her friend, Mr. Peter. The Duchess's pride was not on the surface, at least with her friends; but she was very proud. Indeed the alliances which she would have thought befitting her niece were so few that Lady Rose's marriage must be something of a mesalliance in her aunt's eyes.

"Your nephew and my niece seem on excellent terms," she said abruptly. Mr. Peter bowed his charming old head. "Your Grace honors the boy," he said, "by the confidence you have placed in him."

The Duchess smiled, broadly human and humorous. "That is all very fine, my good man," she said; "but I don't place too much confidence in young people. I have known all about it long ago if I believe in your politics. Indeed I pair should fall in love with each other."

Mr. Peter wondered what was coming. "Thank God, I'm not one to bow the knee to mammon. I've no patience with the new ways. But if they were to take a fancy to each other I should not oppose it."

She looked at Mr. Peter as though she expected him to be overbearing; then extended her hand to him like a queen to her subject; as the subject might, Mr. Peter stooped and kissed it. The Duchess was well-pleased. There was something about the Bosanquet manners which made an elderly, plain-faced woman feel young and beautiful; and even a duchess may be pardoned for feeling the sensation pleasant.

At the moment Lady Rose and Paul Bosanquet were leaning over the bridge which crosses a little ravine in the Forest wood, a ravine through which a stream flows that supplies the lake. Lady Rose had been making a confession which had cast a veil of softness over her somewhat pronounced beauty, giving it the touch of delicacy it needed.

"You see," she was saying, "she'd have known all about it long ago if I hadn't been for you. Indeed I believe at the back of her mind she does suspect it, and wants it to be you so that it may not be he. She's been so good to me all my life that I hate to keep her in the dark. But she would show Percy the door. What am I to do?"

"If she knew your heart was in it, it will have to go on because my heart is in it; but it will be a frightful blow to her. You can't imagine her frozen disgust when poor old Mr. Denham called on her. He's such an old dear and so pathetic, for he would give his son the moon and the stars if he could; but there is no denying that he plays havoc with his h's, and looks just what he is, a homely, plain, business man."

"Perhaps there need not be any talk of lifting," said his uncle, gently. "As I happen to know, the Duchess—"

"Please do not say any more, Uncle Peter. We have no right—"

"My son," said his father, even more gently than his uncle had spoken. "Lady Rose has been permitted to be a great deal in your company. You must have known how people would regard your intimacy. We do not desire to pry into your secrets, but we must think of that very charming young lady."

"Why so I do think of her," said Paul. "As a matter of fact I am in her confidence. You will understand father, and my uncle Peter will understand that so much is said in confidence. Lady Rose and I perfectly understand each other."

"For a moment the two old men looked blankly into each other's eyes. "Are we to understand—"

"Please don't, Uncle Peter. I am not at liberty to let you understand anything. Only—I believe the Duchess is to pay us a visit at Dalmain on her way to Tillygowrie Castle."

"She is to honor us so far?" "Then ask old Denham of the Towers as one of her fellow-guests. Make her feel that he is a person you hold in honor."

"Why so he is," said Mr. John Bosanquet. "So does everyone who knows anything of his record," added Mr. Peter.

"He has a son in the—the Lancers," went on Paul in a colorless voice. "A splendid fellow I believe. Lady Rose used to meet him occasionally visiting about the country till the Duchess discovered it, and forbade the friendship."

"Ah!" The two old men looked at each other. "You—do not mind?" asked Mr. Peter, with averted eyes. "I!" Paul's color and laughter were enough of answer. "I—left my heart in Ireland. I have been meaning to tell you. I have said nothing to her. I could not tell I had told you first. Had ever any man such a pater and such an uncle? She is—"

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